THE WEAKEST SPOT IN OUR EMPIRE

By The Earl of Meath; Admirals Kennedy, Dalrymple Hay, Fremantle, and Cyprian Bridge; General Turner, & The Right Hon. Taubman-Goldie (*Inside*).

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.
£2,000 Free Insurance.

Mystery of a Blackpool Boat.

£25 REWARD.

(See page 130 inside.)

No. 995.] POSTAGE, ONE PENNY. REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION TO CANADA. WEEK ENDING AUGUST 12, 1909. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

Park Drive Cigarettes 10 for 2D

Fine Virginia. Purity Guaranteed. The Best Cigarette Value in the World. Ask your tobacconist to-day for Park Drive Cigarettes.

GALLAHER Ltd., The Independent Firm, Belfast & London.

RUGS GIVEN AWAY.

NEW DESIGNS.

Patronized by H.M. the QUEEN of SWEDEN.
GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.

THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the Readers of *Pearson's Weekly*, 12/8/1909. On receipt of P.O. for 5/6 we will forward DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS to your address one of our Prudential Real Seamless Woven Half-Guinea

BRUSSELETTE CARPETS Regd.

suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, &c., handsomely bordered, in Thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and LARGE ENOUGH TO COVER ANY ORDINARY-SIZED ROOM. These Carpets will be sent out as Sample Carpets, with

FREE RUG,

thus showing the indentical quality we supply in all sizes. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits.

OVER 400,000 SOLD DURING THE PAST TWELVE MONTHS. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received.

GIVEN AWAY! GIVEN AWAY!

With every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send Two Carpets and TWO RUGS for **10/6** Illustrated Bargains, Catalogues of Carpets, etc., post free.

REPEAT ORDERS RECEIVED FROM THE ROYAL PALACE STOCKHOLM.

40 Kimbolton Road, Bedford. 1/2/1908.
Colonel Sir W. S. Seton writes: "I shall be obliged if you will send me two of your Brusselette Carpets, one 12ft. by 12ft. at 12/9, and one 10½ft. by 12ft. at 11/6. Some 10 or 12 years ago I had some carpets from you, and they proved very satisfactory."

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. P.W.), Manufacturers, Importers, and Merchants, WOODSLEY ROAD, LEEDS

SAVED 25/-
(DO LIKEWISE)

Thanks to WOOD MILNE RUBBER HEELS & SHOE SHINES

I've SAVED Two pairs of Boots this year.

And my Boots have never been so comfortable before.

WOOD-MILNE Ltd., PRESTON.

"THE MOST PERFECT FORM OF COCOA."—Guy's Hospital Gazette.

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa

300 Gold Medals, &c.

is always a welcome resource to those responsible for the comfort and health of the family. It contains the ingredients required in the food taken by Growing Childhood, the Strenuous-Living, Old Age, and the Invalid. It is a superb stimulant as well as a permanent strengthener.

The Oldest House in the Trade. Established 1728.

REAL DEVONSHIRE CREAM (clotted); absolutely pure; no preservatives used; the most efficacious substitute for cod liver oil; invaluable for children and invalids. ½lb., 1s. 4d.; 1lb., 2s. 4d.; 2lb., 4s. 4d., free. Supplied constantly to the Countesses Cadogan, Pembroke, Sefton, Dundonald, Guilford, Lichfield, etc., by

Mrs. Conyers, Bridestowe, S.O. Devonshire.

"9 YEARS' CONSTANT DAILY USE"
constitutes one of the latest records of

DUNLOP
CYCLE TYRE DURABILITY.

Present prices, any standard size:—Wired cover, 12s. 4d.; beaded cover, 12s. 7d.; tube with valve, 5s. 11d.

Stewed Raspberries!

are delicious served with

BIRD'S CUSTARD

BIRD'S CUSTARD and Stewed Raspberries are simply a revelation as an appetising summer dish.

Any possible risk with the raw fruit is thus avoided.

WHY YOUR BOY SHOULD READ "THE SCOUT."

WHEN I receive—as I occ[illegible]ally do—letters from cr[illegible] con-demning the sensati[illegible] type of story that now and again [illegible]pears in THE SCOUT, I find [illegible] generally sufficient to ask th[illegible] at some of the other pap[illegible] which constitute the literature of t[illegible] boy.

It is from that kind of p[illegible] we want to wean a boy. If [illegible] him the "Times" or the [illegible] Review" as a substitute, [illegible] possible that he might no[illegible] from his first love. So we [illegible] something more to his tast[illegible] tional it may be, but not ha[illegible]

I have elsewhere show[illegible] average boy (as that is th[illegible] we want to get hold of) i[illegible] fish. In order to catch him [illegible] use the bait that he is f[illegible] merely the kind of food [illegible] yourself prefer.

If you try for your tro[illegible] nice slice of roast beef, th[illegible] are that you will not catch [illegible] must offer him the worm [illegible] which he is accustomed, o[illegible] good imitation of the same. [illegible] what we are endeavouring [illegible] THE SCOUT, and we hope [illegible] gradually leading him on to [illegible] plane of thought; but it can[illegible] done all at once.

I should be glad if paren[illegible] masters, and others interest[illegible] rising generation would re[illegible] THE SCOUT in this spi[illegible] should then be most grate[illegible] suggestions that they m[illegible] enough to offer.

R. S. S. BADEN-P[illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the rate of 2s. per line of 7 words or part thereof. Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by Tuesday morning for the following week's issue.

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT: call or forward by post; full value per return, or offer made.—Messrs. Browning, Actual Manufacturers, 63 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Estab. 100 years).

STRENGTH: How Lost; How Regained.—Interesting and instructive remarks to young and middle-aged men on "How to Preserve Strength, Create Vitality, and Increase Nerve Stamina." A brief treatise on Nervous Exhaustion, Loss of Strength, Poverty of Nerve Force and Debility in Men.—Sent sealed on receipt of 4 penny stamps by Charles Gordon, 8 Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks.

BABY CARS direct from factory on approval; carriage paid; we save you 5/- in the £; cash or easy payments from 4/- monthly. Wonderful value. Send to-day for splendid new catalogue, post free.—Direct Public Supply Co. (Dept. 63), Coventry.

BOON TO WEAK MEN.—Nervous and Physical Weaknesses, Lack of Vigour, Varicocele, and Allied Troubles. Treatise, with full particulars, including hundreds of testimonials of complete cures, sent sealed, post free, two stamps.—P. J. Murray, 7 Southampton Row, London, W.C.

ECZEMA.—Torturing, disfiguring Eczema relieved and cured. Free Sample, 1d. stamp.—Saville Chemists, York.

VARICOCELE.—Every man suffering from Varicocele and its accompanying debility and nervous weakness should send for illustrated circular describing its successful treatment and cure by the only rational and painless method. No electricity. Sent sealed, post free, two stamps.—E. B. Norton, 59 & 60 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

ASTROLOGY.—Life Horoscope, Marriage Partner described, Money Prospects, Future Events, Changes, &c., accurately told. Send birth-date, 1/-, and stamped envelope.—Madame Marion, Robertson Avenue, Edinburgh.

BE YOUR OWN MASTER and start the Remnant Trade. Experience unnecessary. There's money in it. Write now for free guide.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 17 Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRUNKENNESS CURED, quickly, secretly, permanently, unfailingly, harmlessly; cost trifling. Sample free.—Carlton Chemical Co., 504, Birmingham.

SMALL GARDENS.—Gardening is a fascinating hobby, and many useful hints will be found in "Small Gardens and How to Make the Most of Them," by V. P. Biddle. It may be had for 1/2, post free, from A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

POULTRY KEEPING.—Those who would like full instructions as to the keeping, breeding, and rearing of poultry for both pleasure and profit may find it in "Poultry Keeping, and How to Make it Pay," by F. E. Wilson, which may be had, price 1/2, post free, from A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

OPEN COMPETITION.—With a view to encouraging enquiry into what Socialism would really mean in practice, Ten Guineas for a First Prize and Five Guineas for a Second Prize is offered for the best essay upon this subject. Length not to exceed 3,000 words. Judge's award final. All Essays must be sent in before 29th September, 1909, addressed to Sir William Bull, M.P., at 269 King Street, Hammersmith. Authors desiring to have essays returned must enclose stamped addressed envelope.

TYPEWRITING.—Novelists, story-writers, clergymen and others who require their manuscripts typewritten, should send a post-card for terms to Miss Morris, 14 Bridge Road, Hammersmith, London, W. Special reduction for long stories.

MUSICAL HOMES are the happiest.—Handsomest and best PIANOS and ORGANS at wholesale prices. Over 500,000 already sold direct from Factory to Home. Our price for Cash or Instalments are a revelation. Complete Catalogue Free, or to genuine enquirers Catalogue and Clifton Bingham's 5/- Song, "From Cross to Crown," will be sent for three stamps.—CORNISH ORGAN & PIANO CO., Memorial Hall, London, E.C.

FRINGE NETS, fullsize, any colour, 1/1 dozen; hair dye, instantaneous and harmless, in all shades, 1/1; real German razors, 1/1; post free.—J. Brodie, 41 Museum Street, London.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.—Thoroughly practical information on physical culture for training and general health is given in "Modern Physical Culture," by C. Lang Neil. All the modern systems are illustrated. It may be had, post free, for 1/2 from A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

ASTROLOGY.—Events, Changes, Fortunate Days, Business Success, Matrimony. Two years' future added. Send birth-date, 1/- P.O.—Prof. Gould, Butleigh, Whitchurch Road, Cardiff.

INCOME TAX.—If you wish to avoid trouble and expense, buy "A Handy Guide to Income Tax Payers." It will solve all your difficulties in making a correct return, and thus avoid overcharge. Send fourteen stamps to A. F. Sowter, 17 Henrietta St., London, W.C.

ALCOHOLISM, Acute or Chronic, Cured by new treatment, without restriction to present habits. No failures. Reference to Clergy.—Stanleigh Company Limited, Norfolk House, Laurence Pountney Hill, London.

BILLIARDS.—How to play the game. If anyone would take "The Game of Billiards and How to Play it," by John Roberts, and play every diagram in succession, he would soon get rid of the monotony of paying for the table. The book may be had, post free, for 1/2 from A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

SLEIGHT OF HAND TRICKS.—A few simple conjuring tricks are always useful in the after dinner interval. You can learn a number of effective tricks which need little or no apparatus with very little trouble by studying "After-Dinner Sleights and Pocket Tricks," by C. Lang Neil. Send 1/2 to A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

The Strangest Ghost Story in the World.

In a dark corner of the First Egyptian Room in the British Museum stands the cover for a mummy, portraying a nameless Egyptian woman who lived in Thebes thirty-five centuries ago. Her long hands are crossed upon her breast, and her dark eyes stare strangely forward into vacancy.

Over this relic there hangs a terrible story, which has well been called "the strangest ghost story in the world." The history of this mysterious case, a history marked by an uncanny series of fatalities, which appear not to have ceased, is told in this month's

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

Sold Everywhere. - - - Price Sixpence.

"VASELINE"

HAIR TONIC

LETS THE HAIR GROW.

THAT'S the secret of its marvellous success. It **lets** t[illegible] grow. No forcing, no weird massaging, tugging, [illegible] other scalp gymnastics need be performed with "**Vaseline** Hair **Tonic**. It **lets** the hair grow by removing all obstru[illegible] killing all harmful germ life. It penetrates the scalp, a[illegible] right down to the roots of the choked up follicles, and f[illegible] tender hair so that it can fight through.

"**Vaseline**" **Hair Tonic** is unlike any other pre[illegible] offered for the hair. It is a real hair fertiliser, and is to t[illegible] what sunlight is to plant life. It is both a skin and hair f[illegible]

"**Vaseline**" **Hair Tonic** is a liquid preparation of P[illegible] delicately perfumed, and is absolutely safe under all circum[illegible] It is the Best Hair Tonic because it removes the actual [illegible] trouble in the scalp and **lets** the hair grow. Sold in [illegible] Prices **1/-, 2/-,** and **3/-** per bottle. If not obtainable loca[illegible] bottle will be sent, Post Free, to any address in the [illegible] Kingdom upon receipt of Postal Order.

FREE.—A descriptive pamphlet, explaining the uses of all the "Vaseline" Preparations, will be sent post free on application.

The word "Vaseline" is the Registered Trade Mark o[illegible]

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING C[illegible]

42 Holborn Viaduct, LONDON, E.C.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

No. 995. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING AUGUST 12, 1909. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. ONE PENNY.

IMPOSSIBLE TO MISTAKE HIM.

IT was an art class, and a young man of aristocratic connections was overheard asking for a sheet of paper in which to wrap up a piece of work he had produced, which he wished to take home.

"I would like to wrap it up," he explained in a lofty tone to the master, "for I don't want to be taken for an artist."

"In that case," was the quiet reply, "don't conceal your picture, and then no one can possibly mistake you for an artist."

PROFESSOR'S WIFE: "You haven't kissed me for a week."

Professor (absently): "Are you sure? Then who is it I've been kissing?"

A HIGHLAND minister, who was rather a pompous gentleman, came to a shepherd's house to baptise a child.

"Are you prepared?" he asked the fond parent.

"Ou ay, munnister; I have got a grand ham for tea."

"I mean spiritually prepared," thundered the cleric.

"Af coorse I am; oh yes! I got a jar from the inn," replied the imperturbable Celt.

TOOK HIS BREATH AWAY.

A DAPPER little man was making his exit from the dining-room of a fashionable hotel when the head waiter stepped up to him, took him by the arm, and said, "I have tumbled to your little game, you rascal. This is the fourth time you've had your dinner here without paying."

"Sir," exclaimed the little man, breaking loose from the waiter's grasp, and looking the official sternly in the face, "you are mistaken. It is the fifteenth!"

Before the waiter had recovered from the shock the man was in the next street.

TO A LARGE NUMBER.

I pledge not the girl of holiday fame
Who hies away to the coast,
Nor the climbing girl of athletic fame
Do I now desire to toast.

I do not drink to the lady grand
Who motors from place to place,
Through town and village across the land
At an aristocratic pace.

I raise no glass to the sailor lass,
No matter how bonny she be;
On skiff or yacht let the darling pass
By river, or lake, or sea.

I drink to the girl who had fixed the date
And made up her mind to roam,
But, through some blundering freak of Fate,
Is obliged to remain at home.

THE BELOVED OF THE GODS.

THE author of the new play being rehearsed and the stage-manager were standing in the wings.

The stage was in darkness save for a strong ray of limelight which illuminated the centre.

Presently, across the light portion, there tripped a sweet young damsel, aged about sixteen, but whose hair was of startling and suspicious golden hue.

"There goes the beloved of the gods," murmured the manager.

"Why do you call her that?" asked his companion.

"Oh, simply because she dyed so young," explained the manager, as he slipped away among the friendly shadows.

A LITTLE SLIP.

THE minister had for three days enjoyed the telephone which had been his last gift from an admiring member of his congregation.

He had been using it immediately before going to church. When the time came for him to announce the first hymn, he rose, and with his usual impressive manner read the words.

Then in a crisp, firm voice he said, "Let us all unite in hymn two double o, seven."

OLD GENT: "I'm thinking of taking a house in the neighbourhood. Perhaps you can inform me if the water supply is all right?"

Beery Rustic: "Eh, mon, the supply's all right, but the demand ain't equal to it."

MILLIONS: "Do you think you will learn to like your titled son-in-law?"

Billions: "I don't know; I can't tell where to place him in my expense account. He is neither a recreation nor an investment."

THE REAL MOTIVE.

A SCHOOL teacher was endeavouring to convey the idea of pity to the members of his class.

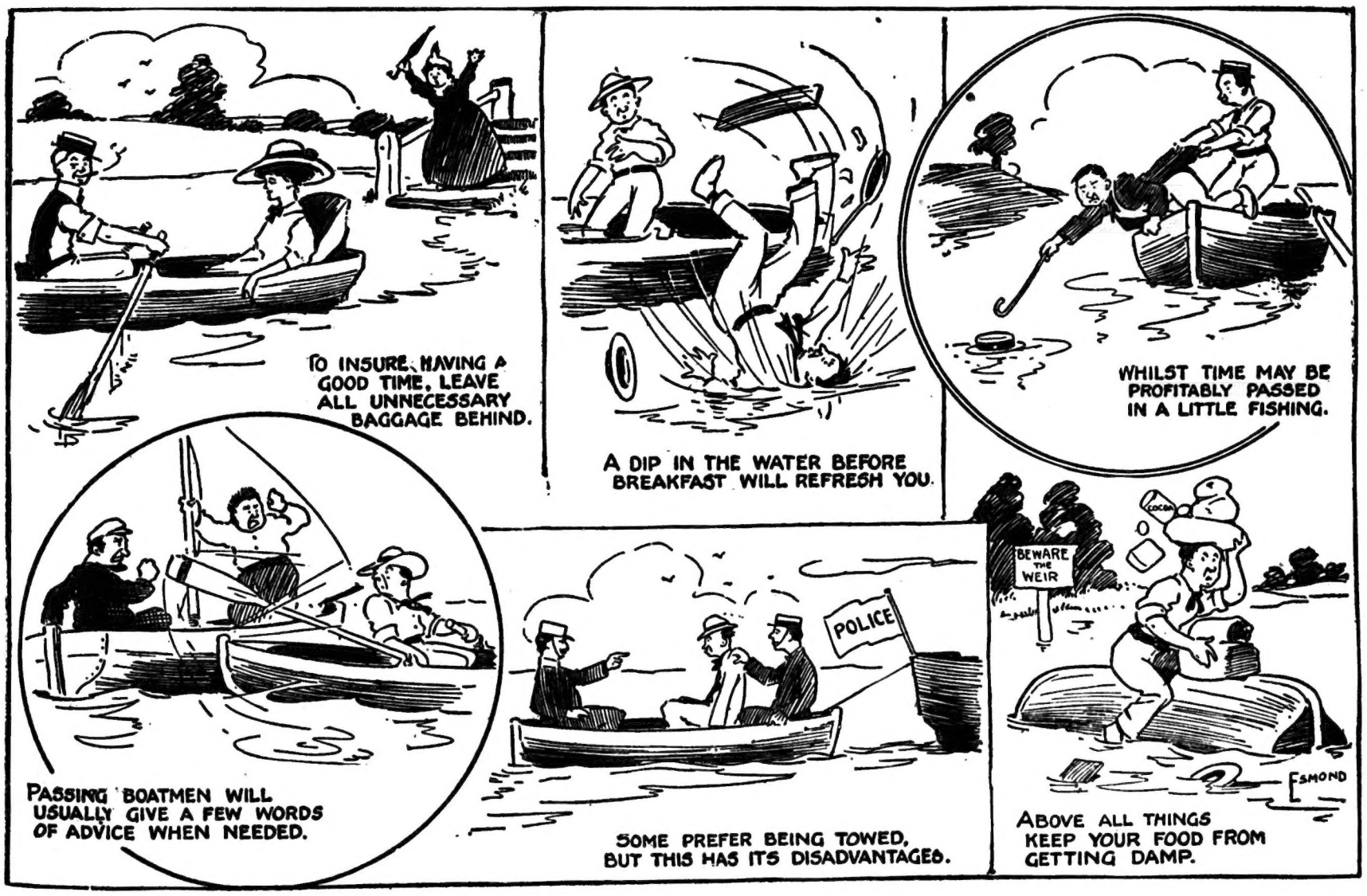
"Now, supposing," he said, "a man working on the river bank suddenly fell in. He could not swim and would be in danger of drowning.

"Picture the scene, boys and girls. The man's sudden fall, his cry for help. His wife, knowing his peril and hearing his screams, rushes immediately to the bank. Why does she rush to the bank?"

After a pause, a small voice piped forth: "Please, sir, to draw his insurance money."

HINTS FOR UP RIVER HOLIDAYS.

As week-end parties up the river are just now all the rage, our artist offers a few suggestions that may make them a little more exciting.



YOU were not alive in B.C. 1600, but if you buy PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, you will read an interesting article on mummies who were, which is perhaps better.

The World's Best Stories.

Told Week by Week.

A Suffragette Fable.

One can sympathise with the "Votes for Women" movement somewhat, because of the sincerity of some of its adherents. Every man loves a good fighter.

But a good many men sneer. And very rightly so, at the methods that some of the women have pursued in their cause.

So if these advanced women cast ridicule upon themselves they should not mind if they lay themselves open to ridicule by men.

A case has just happened in Bradford. A politician was talking before a big audience the other day, and was trying to illustrate the present attitude of some women to all men. He said:

"There was once a lady of Touraine who was wedded to a mediæval count. The count went out from his castle one fine morning to meet the foe, but the foe defeated him and took him prisoner.

"Then the count's castle was besieged. The countess was summoned to the battlements. From below, a herald shouted to her:

"'Lady, your lord has been defeated, and is now our prisoner. Surrender the castle to us, and he shall be restored to you in safety.'

"But the countess answered without an instant's hesitation:

"'No, I'll do nothing of the sort; for I can easily obtain another husband, but getting another castle is quite a different matter.'"

Charity Begins Afar.

General Booth is one of the best story-tellers living. That is part of his great success. A keen observer, and a man who fears no other human power, nor is abashed before it, he has manners and methods of his own.

I have heard him deliver a speech that in one part of it contained more "swear words" than I ever knew; but I must admit he was repeating a slum conversation he had overheard for the purpose of drawing a moral lesson.

Here is another story he tells:

"Two poor women were talking. One asked the other:

"'Where did you get that pretty dress for the baby? It's most as good as new.'

"'The rich folks on the corner gave it to me,' was the answer.

"'Why,' said the first woman, 'I've asked them for help several times, but they always refused me.'

"'Well, you see,' explained the other, 'I didn't let on it was for myself. I pretended I was collecting cast-off things for the heathen.'"

No Partiality.

The workings of justice, as recorded by Major E. C. Johnson in his "Track of the Crescent," were a trifle erratic. An Englishman was travelling in a wild part of Hungary, and, anxious to see the institutions of the country, he made an application to a town magistrate, asking to hear how justice was conducted.

The magistrate, gorgeous in a magnificent Magyar costume, received him cordially, and sent for any case which might be awaiting trial. A gigantic *gendarme*, in an immense cocked hat, ushered in a prisoner, a plaintiff, and a witness. The prisoner was accused of stealing the plaintiff's goose.

"Well, sir," said the magistrate to the accuser, "what have you to say?"

"Please your high mightiness, the prisoner stole my goose."

The magistrate turned to the witness.

"What have you to say?"

"Please, your high mightiness, I saw the prisoner steal the goose."

"Prisoner, what have *you* to say?"

"Please, your high mightiness, I did not steal the goose."

The magistrate then delivered the sentence.

"I give you a fortnight in prison," he said to the accused, "for stealing the goose." To the plaintiff he said, "I give you a fortnight in prison for not looking after your goose," and turning to the witness, "You have shall a fortnight in prison for not minding your own business."

Child Humour.

Clergymen and Sunday-school teachers must often be hard put (says the *English Illustrated Magazine*), to keep a grave face when catechising the children. When asked by her teacher what a lie was, one of the children in a Sheffield Sunday-school replied: "An abomination unto the Lord, and a very present help in time of trouble."

A minister was questioning a Sunday-school class about the man who fell among thieves on the way from Jerusalem to Jericho. Bringing the story to a point, he asked: "Now why did the priest and Levite pass by on the other side?" "I know," said a lad; "because the man was already robbed."

Another lad was asked why Elisha was sorry when the Shunamite's son was dead, and the answer came promptly: "Because he didn't like being left alone with a widow."

"Who was Moses?" asked a teacher at the Hanley Council School recently. "Moses," declared the scholar addressed, "was the man who wasn't drowned when he was a baby."

When the teacher put the following to one of his pupils: "Why did Moses take off his shoes before approaching the burning bush?" one can imagine his consternation when he received the following reply from a little fellow of eight years: "Please, sir, to warm ees feet."

Children's history papers are often well worth reading. One on the Salic law said: "Edward II. would have been King if his mother had been a man."

This reminds me that on another occasion a boy wrote: "By the Salic law no woman can become King."

A rare definition of "The marriage customs of the ancient Greeks" was that "a man married only one wife, which was called monotony."

Socrates, asserted a little boy, "died from a dose of wedlock"; and "Marconi," observed another, "is used to make delicious puddings."

Caution and Care.

Plain John Morley, as he then was, once urged an audience to use caution and care in their busy lives—to do strenuous things, but to do them with forethought.

"The Scot," said Mr. Morley, "is noted for his forethought.

"A Scot, on a visit to London, went into a Strand hairdresser's to get his beard trimmed. The Scot was a bald-headed man, though his beard was big, and the barber said to him:

"'The very thing for you. Let me sell you a bottle of this tonic. It is the greatest medical discovery of the age.'

"'It is guid, eh?' said the Caledonian.

"'Good? It's marvellous. I guarantee it to produce hair on a bald head in twenty-four hours.'

"'Aweel,' said the Scot, in his dry, cautious way. 'Aweel, ye'er bald, too, so ye can gi'e the top o' yer head a rub wi' it, and I'll look back the morn and see if ye're tellin' the truth.'"

The High Priest.

Anybody who knows Mr. Swift McNeill, an Irish member of the House of Commons, the most persistent question-asker and the most highly educated man on the laws of the House, will appreciate this story told of him.

It was a red-hot Irish night, and Mr. McNeill was in his element. He was having a great time.

Because the Speaker had gone to have his chop, and the Deputy-speaker was not too well acquainted with the Parliamentary rules, Mr. McNeill took every advantage of the occasion.

A noble lord from the other House was in the Strangers' Gallery, and had taken his small boy with him. As small boys will, this small boy asked questions, and he said presently to his father: "Who is this man, pa?"

Pa said: "Oh, that's Swift McNeill."

The Boy: "What's he saying?"

Pa: "Oh, he's praying the Deputy-speaker this, that, and the other thing."

The Boy: "Does he pray for the members, pa?"

Pa: "No. He just gets up now and again and has a look at the members, and prays 'God help Ireland.'"

Expected to Give Her Pleasure.

Mr. Drexel Biddle, who wrote a book on Madeira, said the other day:

"Madeira is a delightful place. One of its greatest, one of its strangest, delights is coasting. You coast down the steep mountain sides in a wicker basket with wooden runners, and so fast do you go that sometimes your runners smoke, sometimes they even burst into flame.

"This coasting in Madeira's Maytime weather is a strange pleasure. I can't describe its strangeness. It reminds me——" He smiled.

"It reminds me in its strangeness of a Christmas gift that was sent once to a certain maiden lady.

"The gift was sent to her by her nephew, and afterwards he described it thus:

"'At first I could not think of anything to give Aunt Mary for Christmas, and then, suddenly, I remembered that she was an old maid, wholly unacquainted with the grand passion, and so, in order to give her a unique pleasure, I sent her an anonymous love-letter.'"

Our THOUSANDTH NUMBER

With the issue dated September 16th *Pearson's Weekly* will celebrate the publication of its Thousandth Number. We have succeeded in getting together the biggest and most representative list of popular and famous authors to contribute to this Thousandth Number that has ever been compiled. Amongst them are:

RUDYARD KIPLING	TEMPLE THURSTON
Miss WINIFRED GRAHAM	MARRIOTT WATSON
CUTCLIFFE HYNE	Sir JOHN KIRK
LEONARD MERRICK	Mrs. C. N. WILLIAMSON
PETT RIDGE	LOUIS TRACY
FRANKFORT MOORE	TOM GALLON
JEROME K. JEROME	J. J. BELL
GEORGE R. SIMS	DICK DONOVAN

Always the Same.

It is about nine years ago since Miss Marie Tempest, who is making such a success of *Penelope* at the Comedy Theatre, gave up musical comedy. Though she excels as a singer, she is pre-eminently an actress. Miss Tempest has worked her way to her position by sheer talent and energy. She commenced right at the bottom of the ladder, making her *début* in a small part.

Of her very early days Miss Tempest tells this story. "I was stopping at a lodging-house in London, which exactly suited my means at that time and was passably comfortable. The old landlady, however, would insist on giving me steak and onions for breakfast every morning.

"I complained, but it was of no use; so when I went away I took her family Bible and placed a piece of paper in it with 'Read Hebrews xiii., 8,' written on it. I hope she did, for the passage runs: 'The same yesterday, and to-day, and forever.'"

"In the Dark."

A recent diner at the Carlton tells of a quaint incident he noticed there the other night. The band was playing a certain popular music-hall air, and a young lady at one of the tables, curious to know what it was, asked her waiter to find out. The man departed, laden with plates, but was so long gone that the anxious inquirer clean forgot her curiosity as to the tune.

Well on through the dinner she was somewhat alarmed to hear a husky, guttural voice from behind say: "I'm afraid to go home in the dark."

"What?" exclaimed the lady, in alarm.

"I'm afraid," repeated the mysterious voice, in slow, impressive accents, "to go home in the dark!"

The lady gave a little scream, and turning to a male companion, said: "Is this man mad?"

It was only after an anxious interval that the explanation was understood.

Stories of a Stutterer.

Some humorous anecdotes are narrated concerning W. R. Travers, a prominent American bear operator, who, among other characteristics, numbers a pretty wit and an impediment in his speech.

On one occasion a loquacious guest bored everyone, including his host, by his incessant chatter, and commenced a new topic by remarking that it was a debatable point among scientists if oysters had brains. Travers seized the opportunity, and remarked: "I think the oyster must have b-b-brains, because it knows when to sh-sh-shut up." The bore, it is recorded, took the hint.

Another story, telling against himself, is recorded by Mr. Clews. He had, it appears, always cultivated a youthful appearance, and was aided in this deception by the baldness of his head. One unlucky day Travers "changed the current of public opinion against me on the much-cherished subject of my perpetual bloom of youth."

Dropping into a club, where Travers was the centre of mirth, his ear was greeted by the remark: "Hello, boys! Here comes Clews, the self-made man."

This was followed by "I s-s-say, Cl-Cl-Clews, as you are a s-s-self-made man, wh-wh-why didn't you p-put more h-h-hair on the top of your head?" Mr. Clews remarks that that stroke of wit has had the effect of ranking him ever since among the "old fogies."

Hard to Believe.

Of all the chief actors in crime in our time, so far as comedy is concerned hand in hand with downright villainy and murder, we must give the place of chief comedian to Charles Peace. Major Arthur Griffiths once told Harry Furniss, who now relates this story, of an amusing conversation about veracity, which he had with Peace when awaiting his trial for murder.

"What is the good of telling the truth?" he asked; "no one believes you when you do. Now listen to this. When I was Mr. Johnson, of Peckham, I went into the chemist's one morning, smoking an excellent cigar.

"The chemist observed, 'That is very good tobacco, Mr. Johnson. Where do you get your cigars?'

"'Steal them,' I replied, perfectly frankly and truthfully. It was the absolute fact; I had stolen those cigars. But my friend the chemist thought it an excellent joke. He roared with laughter, and, of course, did not believe me in the least.

"'I wish you'd steal me a few of the same kind,' he said, and I generously promised to do so.

"Some weeks afterwards I came across a very fine lot of Havanas in a house I visited rather late at night, and I secured them. The chemist got a box of them.

"'There, Mr. So-and-So,' I said, 'I have stolen you these. I hope you will like them.'

"Again he laughed loudly, and he no more believed me than before. Still, I only told him what was perfectly true."

When Peace told the Major this ingenious story of the lack of belief in veracity which so commonly prevails, he no doubt had his tongue in his cheek and chuckled to himself on so easily "spoofing" his hearer. That Griffiths did not see through the imposition is curious; Peace was so well known for his abstemiousness from beer and tobacco. It only goes to enhance the cleverness of the man's character as an actor and story-teller, and further his clever appreciation of the possibly gullible.

Fine feathers make fine birds, but "Do Pretty Frocks Make the Woman?" See the article in the August PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

A Man of Business

How a Man Proved His Mettle and Won a Wife. **By E. NEWTON-BUNGEY.**

EDITH MARSDEN slipped from her lover's embrace, a troubled expression on her pretty face.

"I'm afraid, Dick," she whispered.

"Afraid, dear, what of?"

"It's too sweet to last," murmured the girl, gazing anxiously into Dick Thornton's eyes.

"Edith! Why do you say that?" asked Thornton quickly. "A moment ago you promised to be my wife, and now—tell me, dear, what is troubling you?"

Thornton took his sweetheart in his arms again and tried to kiss away the cloud that had so suddenly gathered.

"It's father, Dick," Edith said; "he has always said that I must marry a wealthy business man, and you're—you're——"

"Not either," added Dick drily. "I must go and see your father, Edith."

"There's—there's something else, Dick. Father has said on several occasions that when I marry he expects Mr. Wilding to be my husband."

"Wilding?" cried Dick in astonishment. "Your father's manager?"

"Yes, Dick, he is father's ideal man of business," replied the girl bitterly.

"But, Edith! The man's not fit to touch you. He's a coarse, ill-mannered cad."

"But he's a splendid man of business," rejoined Edith as bitterly as before. "Thirty years ago he fetched the men's beer; now he is second only to my father. That is what my father thinks so much of, and that is why he is convinced that Mr. Wilding would make me a most suitable husband."

"Hush, Edith, I can't bear to hear you talk like that," said Dick Thornton. "Wilding shall not be your husband—he's just about fit to clean your shoes. I'm going to see your father."

"You'll have as much chance of shaking his conviction if his mind is made up, as I think it is, as you would have of shaking Snowdon," replied Edith.

"You wait, dear. When he sees how things are between us, he can't refuse me."

That evening Dick Thornton called on Mr. Marsden. The latter owned a huge factory where bolts, chains, couplings, and scores of articles of iron or steel were made. The factory stood on the edge of the village of Arlbourne, and within about ten minutes' walk of "The Chestnuts," Mr. Marsden's residence.

The business was a wonderfully paying concern and, in consequence, Mr. Marsden had been able to bring up his children so that they never knew what it was to want.

Mr. Marsden had grown fond of Thornton, and he recognised Dick as a gentleman by birth and instinct, whereas his own father had been a van driver who was more often drunk than sober. Edith's father was very proud of his own success, and his natural inclinations were towards men who had succeeded in a like manner. Hence his partiality to his manager, Mr. Wilding.

Mr. Marsden listened very courteously to Dick Thornton, though the smile with which he had greeted his visitor slowly faded whilst Dick spoke.

"I'm sorry, Dick, but it's out of the question," Mr. Marsden said.

Thornton winced. "But we—we love each other," he pleaded.

"My dear fellow, you can't live on love. What are you making a year?"

"About three hundred," responded Dick.

"D'you make it all by writing?"

"No, I've got a settled income of one hundred. I make about two hundred with my writing."

"I see," murmured Marsden. "Now I want you to listen to a little reason."

"I'm making anything between ten and fifteen thousand a year, and I spend something like five thousand a year at 'The Chestnuts.' Edith has an allowance of five hundred a year. How does your aggregate income look against that?"

"I'd not gone into figures, Mr. Marsden," said Dick gloomily. "But I know this, that Edith and I would be very happy and comfortable although I'm only making three hundred a year."

"Rubbish, my boy! Now let me be frank with you. When Edith marries I want her to marry Wilding. That chap's going ahead, you mark my words. He's only my manager at present and I'm paying him a thousand a year, but he'll soon be worth two thousand a year and more."

"But he's not a gentleman," cried Dick, "Surely you would wish Edith to mate with someone whose tastes and inclinations were similar to hers. She and Wilding are as opposite as chalk and cheese."

"Wilding's not a gentleman, neither was I," replied Mr. Marsden calmly, "but we've both managed to do pretty well. You went to a public school and a university, but you don't seem to have done very well because of it.

"Forgive me if I am speaking very plainly, Dick," Mr. Marsden continued, "but Edith's interests are my interests, you know."

"Then do you refuse to agree to an engagement between Edith and me?" Dick asked.

"I must, Dick. If you were making plenty of money it would be a different affair altogether. Now I don't want you to take it too badly; I should like to keep you as a friend. Come in as often as you like, but, mind, there's to be no love-making business. Will you stop to dinner to-night?"

"Thanks," replied Thornton. "I suppose I can see Edith and tell her what you have said?"

After some demur Mr. Marsden agreed to the interview taking place. Naturally it was painful, but presently the optimism of youth rose supreme.

"Things will come all right yet, Dick, I'm sure they will," Edith said. "We must just accept things for the present, but, rest assured, no power on earth will make me marry Mr. Wilding—I loathe him."

"Have you told Mr. Marsden that?"

"No."

"Then I don't think I should at present," Dick said. "It might make him all the more determined that you should marry Wilding."

He took Edith in his arms and kissed her passionately.

"That's our good-bye kiss, little woman," he murmured.

"But only for a little while, Dick," whispered the girl.

When they entered the dining-room they appeared perfectly calm and natural. Mr. Marsden observed this with pleasure, and was glad that they had apparently taken matters so sensibly.

Mr. Wilding dined with the Marsdens that night. He was a man of medium height, very broad, and inclined to be stout. His complexion was crimson, his skin coarse, and he was partially bald. But there was no denying those steel blue eyes; they were never placed in the head of a fool.

As Mr. Marsden said, Wilding was an ideal business man. No one could cut a contractor down so well as he, no man could get so much work out of his men for standard wages. In the factory he was loathed, and yet the very men who detested him could not help admitting his ability.

"How are those negotiations going on for the land, sir?" Wilding inquired.

"Badly, Mr. Wilding. The solicitors won't come down an iota from ten thousand pounds. I won't pay that for the land, and yet it is absolutely necessary to us."

The land in question adjoined the factory. Owing to the enormous increase in Mr. Marsden's business it was absolutely necessary that a large extension should be built to the factory. In consequence, negotiations for the purchase of the land had been opened with the solicitors, Messrs. Hobbs and McGrath, who were acting for the owner.

"I reckon the land to be worth about six thousand, and I'm willing to pay that," said Mr. Marsden.

"Why can't you buy a piece of land at a less cost some way away?" asked Dick.

Wilding gazed sneeringly at the speaker, but Mr. Marsden only laughed.

"Ah, Dick," he said, "you're a storyteller, not a business man. You see, if we build on to our present factory we can utilise the motive power we have already got, but if we build somewhere else we shall have to lay down new plant at a heavy cost."

"Oh, I see," replied Dick.

"How would it be if I went to see these solicitors?" asked Wilding.

"By all means," replied Mr. Marsden. "You're a 'cute man of business, Wilding. You may be able to succeed where I failed."

"I'll go in to-morrow afternoon then," Wilding remarked.

"Do, and come on here to dinner in the evening," said Mr. Marsden. "Will you come too, Dick?"

"I shall be delighted," Thornton replied.

The manager and Dick left "The Chestnuts" at the same time that evening. Their ways lay together, and for a little while they walked in silence.

"Has Mr. Marsden told you that I'm to marry his daughter?" Wilding asked suddenly.

"No, he has not."

"But he's warned you off."

Dick's blood flamed hot for a moment. "Indeed," he said.

"Oh, don't beat about the bush, Thornton," the manager said roughly. "I asked Mr. Marsden point blank and he told me."

"Then why ask me?" demanded Dick.

"I simply wished to add my warning, that's all," said Wilding. "I saw you watching Miss Marsden about this evening just as though she was a bit of delicate china, and I tell you I won't have it."

"When you have any right to speak as you have done I'll listen to you," Dick almost shouted. "But don't you dare talk to me like that again or I'll knock you down. Good-night."

He turned on his heel and strode away, leaving Wilding speechless with rage. When the manager did find his tongue, a torrent of oaths flowed from his lips and an evil expression came over his face.

"Young beast!" he muttered viciously. "I'd like to smash him."

At dinner on the following evening Dick was exceedingly polite to Wilding, but the latter scarcely took any notice of Dick. As a matter of fact Thornton's politeness angered him almost beyond control.

"Well, how did you get on this afternoon, Wilding?" Mr. Marsden asked.

"No good, sir. I saw that long brute McGrath, and he just grinned in my face when I suggested they should bring their price down."

"It's a wretched nuisance," said Mr. Marsden. "I want to get things going. You young people don't know," he added, addressing Dick and Edith, "but when I acquire this land I'm going to convert the business into a private company, and retire. I shall hold the bulk of the shares and a number will be distributed amongst the hands."

Mr. Wilding scowled at these last words.

"You'll want a secretary for the company in that case, Mr. Marsden," said Dick.

"Yes, I am looking out for a competent man."

"How would I do?"

A coarse laugh broke from the manager's lips; it brought a flush to the faces of Dick and Edith—Mr. Marsden looked annoyed.

"I should want a man of business, Dick," he said, "not a man of letters."

"But I could fill the post," cried Dick eagerly. "As you know, I have been very well educated, and it is not necessary for the secretary to be a mechanic, the same as the other employees."

Thornton could not resist glancing at Wilding—the latter's face was dark with anger.

"There's something in what you say, Dick," said Mr. Marsden, gazing kindly at his guest. "It would be a decent post, starting at six hundred a year. I'll think it over."

"What a ridiculous idea!" spluttered the manager, unable to contain himself.

But this time he had gone too far. Mr. Marsden glanced coldly at him.

"You must allow me to be the best judge of that, Mr. Wilding," he said witheringly.

The manager collapsed, and sought refuge in wine.

"I've a proposal to make to you, Mr. Marsden," Dick said. "Will you give me permission to treat for you in the matter of the land, and, if I can get it at your figure, will you agree to give me the appointment?"

"Willingly, Dick," replied Mr. Marsden with a smile; "but I hardly think it is likely that you will succeed where Mr. Wilding and I have failed."

Wilding laughed contemptuously. "I should think not, indeed," he said.

"That we shall see," said Dick calmly. "At any rate, I am going to have a very good try."

"Good for you, my boy," cried Mr. Marsden. "That's the tone I like."

About ten o'clock Wilding rose to go.

"Are you coming my way, Thornton?" he asked.

"Not to-night," replied Dick shortly.

Wilding scowled and took his leave. Mr. Marsden turned to Dick.

"Wilding doesn't like you," he said.

"I'm not sufficiently a business man, I presume," remarked Dick.

Edith said good-night at this juncture, and the two men were left alone. For a while they sat quiet, smoking. Suddenly Dick laid his pipe down.

"Mr. Marsden," he said, "if I pull this off for you will you agree to Edith and me being engaged?"

Mr. Marsden did not reply for a few moments, but gazed thoughtfully at the smoke which was curling up from his cigar.

"You see, if I get this appointment I shall be in receipt of six hundred a year from you, one hundred from my investments, and I can make say another hundred, if necessary, with my pen. That brings my income to eight hundred a year. Surely that would be sufficient, Mr. Marsden?"

An indulgent smile crossed Mr. Marsden's face.

"It sounds all right as you put it, Dick," he said, "but you haven't got the appointment yet. You know the old motto about not counting your chickens."

"Yes, but supposing I can get the ground for you at six thousand, will you agree to give me the secretaryship and Edith?"

"If you can do it, yes," said Mr. Marsden.

"Will you put it on paper?"

"Surely you trust me, Dick?"

"Yes, but supposing anything happened to you suddenly, where should I be?"

"Quite so, quite so," said Mr. Marsden.

He seated himself at the table and in a few minutes drew up the following note:

> "I, John Henry Marsden, hereby agree to appoint Richard Carmichael Thornton to be secretary of the company which is to be formed to work my factory at Arlbourne, and I also agree to his marriage with my daughter Edith, provided always that he be successful in securing the sale to me of that area of land adjoining my factory coloured red on site plan, at a price not to exceed six thousand pounds."

Mr. Marsden appended his signature which, was witnessed by a servant, and then he handed the note to Thornton.

"Now, Dick," he said smilingly, "prove yourself a man of business and win a wife and a good appointment."

"I'll do my best, Mr. Marsden," replied Dick, holding out his hand. "Good night. I'll make a very good son-in-law."

"You'll make a very sanguine one, Dick, if you ever earn the distinction. Good-night."

When a holiday maker is particularly nervous, fussy, and anxious over his portmanteau, you may be sure he has PEARSON'S MAG. in it.

On the following morning Mr. Marsden sat in his office talking to Wilding. Presently a clerk entered the room.

"Mr. Thornton, sir," he said.

"All right, show him in. You needn't go, Wilding."

A few minutes later Dick entered and saluted the two men.

"Well, Dick, what's the trouble this morning?" said Mr. Marsden. "Just going to see Hobbs and McGrath?"

"I've been," replied Dick.

Wilding laughed sneeringly. "They didn't keep you long," he remarked.

"No," said Dick calmly, "I wasn't long about it. Will you give me your cheque for six thousand pounds, Mr. Marsden? Here are the title deeds."

"Eh?" gasped Mr. Marsden.

Wilding was absolutely unable to speak. His face went very crimson and then became a dirty yellow in hue. He looked exactly as though he had just been very ill.

"Well, well, bless my soul," stammered Mr. Marsden. "You're a better man of business than either of us, bothered if you aren't."

"I'd like to have a few words in private with you, Mr. Marsden," said Dick.

"All right, my boy. Leave us, Wilding, will you?"

The manager got up and lurched out of the room. The sight of his face in the office set every man working like a nigger.

"How on earth did you manage it, Dick?"

"Three years ago, before I knew you or Edith," began Dick, "I came to the conclusion that the land adjoining your property would be valuable some day. I had saved a decent bit and I was able to acquire the ground for five hundred pounds.

"Then, when I heard you were after it, I came to know you, and I told the solicitors to keep my name a secret, so that the deal, when it came off, should be on strictly business lines. I knew you would feel you must have it, so I put a high figure on it, knowing that you could afford it.

"Subsequent events, however," Dick concluded with a sly smile, "have resulted in my lowering my price."

Mr. Marsden stared blankly at Dick, and then he grinned and held out his hand.

"Dick," he said, "I'm beaten, fairly beaten. I'll never judge a man except on results again."

* * * * *

Dick Thornton is a member of Marsden and Son, Ltd., now. Wilding took an early opportunity of accepting another appointment, the prospect of continually seeing Mrs. Dick Thornton not commending itself to him.

The title of the firm is to be Marsden and *Son*, Ltd., one of these days.

TENANT: "Look here, that house I took from you is extremely damp."

House Agent (bluntly): "Well, don't you see the great advantage of that? If it gets on fire it won't burn."

IRATE PARENT: "Am I to understand there is some idiotic affair between you and that impecunious young ass, Lord Bilaris?"

Fair Daughter (sweetly): "Only you, papa!"

TO SAVE EXPENSE.

A REPERTOIRE company was walking into a seaside town, where they were billed to play *Romeo and Juliet*. The leading man approached the manager, who strode moodily ahead.

"Boss," he said, "I've got to have threepence."

"Threepence?" growled the manager. "You're always yelling for money. What do you want threepence for?"

"What do I want threepence for?" repeated the leading man bitterly. "I want it for a shave, that's what I want it for. I can't play Romeo with five days' black beard on my face."

"Oh, well," said the manager, "you won't get no threepence. We'll change the bill to *Othello*."

HE: "Yes, I'm willing to admit that women have much better complexions than men."

She: "Naturally."

He: "No, artificially."

MR. NEWWED: "These tarts aren't near as good as the ones mother used to make."

Mrs. Newwed: "Yes, and your salary is not as good as the one my father used to make either!"

CAREFULLY PUT.

A YOUNG man had been to sea, and on his return was narrating to his uncle an adventure which he had met with on board ship.

"I was one night leaning over the taffrail, looking down into the ocean," said the nephew, who was called William, "when my gold watch fell from my chain, and immediately sank out of sight. The ship was going ten knots an hour; but, nothing daunted, I sprang over the rail, down, down, and after a long search found the watch, came up, chased the ship, and climbed back to the deck without anyone knowing I had been absent."

"William," said his uncle, "I believe thee, but there's many a thousand that would not!"

"What!" exclaimed William; "you are politely insinuating I am a liar."

"William," said the old man gravely, "thee knows I never call anybody names; but if the Mayor of the city were to come and say, 'Josiah, I want thee to find the most untruthful person in all the city,' I would come straight to thee and put my hand on thy shoulder and say to thee, 'William, the Mayor wants to see thee!'"

The Weakest Point in the Empire

Some Famous People Express their Views on a Most Serious Question.

A great conference is now being held in London to discuss the question of the defences of the Empire. Delegates to the Conference have come from all the important Colonies, including Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Newfoundland, the South African Colonies, and the whole of this most serious question is being thoroughly thrashed out. A number of famous authorities on imperial defence have been asked the question: "What, in your opinion, is the weakest point in the Empire, the point that most deserves the attention of the Imperial Defence Conference?" And we are able to give below some of the replies which have been received.

Admiral Sir WILLIAM ROBERT KENNEDY, K.C.B.

OF course, the East Coast of England is our weakest side, having so few natural harbours, and good beaches for landing troops, etc.; but as long as we keep the Navy up to the mark, we have nothing to fear on that score.

W. R. KENNEDY, Admiral.

The Right Hon. THE EARL OF MEATH, K.P.

IN my humble opinion, the weakest point is a moral and not a physical one.

I am strongly of the opinion that the sentimental hysteria of the day, which declines to grapple with social and national questions, if the obvious remedies include coercion or punishment, is one of the most serious dangers to which the Empire is exposed.

This spirit is, in my opinion, weakening the national fibre, and leads to indiscipline, to neglect of social and of national duty, to idleness, and to selfish individual indulgence.

If the British Empire is to be retained, the British people of the future must be trained in a far sterner school than is usual or popular in the present day.

MEATH.

Admiral the Right Hon. Sir JOHN DALRYMPLE HAY. G.C.B., F.R.S.

THE point that most urgently requires the attention of the Imperial Defence Conference is the maintenance of the Navy at a sufficiently high standard of strength. The standard of efficiency could scarcely be improved upon, but the gradual weakening of the two-Power standard is matter for grave concern.

At one time it was the strength of the French Navy that guided our standard of strength, now it must be the Navy of Germany, and not only should the fighting strength of our Navy be equal to that of Germany and the next strongest Power, but I hold that it should be 10 per cent. higher.

Besides the vast sea coasts of our Colonies and Dependencies, we have to protect the Empire's commerce—one had almost said the world's commerce, of which ours is half. It is our mission to police the seas and guard the great trade routes that go through the Mediterranean to India, to Australia, and to China, or across the Atlantic or the Pacific.

Occasionally one hears it said that in calculating out the two-Power standard we should count on Japan being on our side in the event of war. This would be a great mistake, and a most dangerous one; we must depend on our own efforts, we must be prepared to fight our battles single-handed. The British Navy must always be large enough to fight alone against any possible combination of enemies.

JOHN C. DALRYMPLE HAY, Admiral.

The Right Hon. Sir GEORGE TAUBMAN-GOLDIE.

IN my opinion, the two weakest points in the Empire are, at present: (1) Its heart in the United Kingdom, and (2) its trade routes on the ocean.

GEORGE TAUBMAN-GOLDIE.

Admiral the Hon. Sir E. R. FREMANTLE, G.C.B., C.M.G.

IMPERIAL defence generally and our weakest point in particular, are questions of such dimensions that it is neither possible nor desirable to condense them into a few lines. But I think that a most serious weakening in our defence has been brought about by lessening the defences of our coaling stations in order to bring a larger number of ships into the North Sea.

This policy appears to me to be a great mistake. We ought to "think imperially," to remember that Great Britain is not the British Empire. This tendency to neglect the whole in order to take greater care of the part is a grave blunder.

Another weak point, though not, perhaps, one of such far-reaching importance, is the gradual reduction of the coastguards. This can scarcely have been done on economical grounds, for the sum of money saved is paltry when one considers the importance of this branch of the service. Putting aside the enormous services the coastguards have rendered in saving life, I think they are not only a splendid "reserve," but also that some sort of guard is absolutely necessary for the protection of our coasts.

But there is one point that, in my opinion, constitutes a grave danger to the Empire. It can scarcely be denied that our principal and most powerful weapon of defence is the Navy, and it is greatly to be deplored that its efficient administration should be at the mercy of one or other of the great political parties. To the majority of politicians—I shall not say all—the cry that the Navy is above politics is simply a catch-phrase, quite meaningless save for its use at election time or when naval administration is questioned. If a Government wishes to economise, the Navy Estimates are reduced. If a Minister happens to have some craze for universal disarmament, the Navy Estimates are cut down recklessly. No politician can honestly say that the Navy is always placed above party interests; it is constantly dragged into the political arena and constantly sacrificed to policy. Yet every first Lord of the Admiralty is bound to contend that our estimates are satisfactory, and that, like Marshall Lebœuf in 1870, the Navy is ready for war, with the last electric developments in the hands of expert seamen.

Here we have what is probably the weakest point in our defence, and if the Imperial Defence Conference can remedy this state of affairs, they will have done service of incalculable value to the Empire.

E. R. FREMANTLE.

Admiral Sir CYPRIAN A. G. BRIDGE, G.C.B.

A VERY weak, perhaps the weakest, point as regards the defence of the Empire, is the undue importance attached to the utterances of ignorant persons posing as "Naval Experts." They have no naval experience, no knowledge of the principles of naval warfare, and scarcely any acquaintance with naval history. Consequently they are at the mercy of people who have axes of their own to grind, or who wish to puff their own particular fads.

CYPRIAN A. G. BRIDGE.

General Sir ALFRED E. TURNER, K.C.B.

So long as we regard Great Britain as an isolated Power, devoting herself to the development of her Colonies, and taking little interest in the international politics of the Continent of Europe, I should be inclined to say that it is not very easy to find a weak spot in our defensive armour.

Our Navy, as regards both men and ships, is in splendid condition, and is fully capable of repelling any attempted invasion of our shores. But of recent years we have abandoned our policy of isolation, and have become one of the more diplomatically active of the European Powers. It is in this direction that I think our weakest point will be found to lie; not in our diplomatic activity, but in the fact that we are not in a position to back up our diplomats with, if necessary, an invading army.

The fact is that our Army is too small for such a purpose. With what there is of it, no fault can be found; and the Territorials are quite good enough for the defence of the country combined with a proportion of the regular Army. Certainly the Army is not a sham, but we are almost entirely dependent on the Navy for purposes of attack, and if anything in the nature of invasion had to be undertaken to uphold the national honour, we could do it only with the assistance of the army of some friendly Power, as has always been the case in the past.

This state of affairs is not satisfactory, and not without danger. The only remedy I can suggest is conscription. But that is the one thing the country will not listen to, so it is scarcely worth while even suggesting it. In spite of the benefits, morally and physically, that admittedly would be conferred on the nation, the people have set themselves determinedly against conscription, and no political party would dare to bring it forward in any form.

The opinion is gaining ground on the Continent that we are becoming a hysterical nation. Though I am prepared strongly to deny the truth of this charge as directed against the nation as a whole, still it must be admitted that there is a certain class that is frantically waving a flag one minute and grovelling in whining fear the next. This sort of thing gives an utterly false impression to foreigners, for there is not a trace of this hysteria amongst the great mass of the people. The danger remains, however, for there are men who appear to enjoy this panic-mongering, and it is a peril that increases every year.

It comes to this, then, that we are in no danger at present. A naval war we could undertake with confidence, and our Army is capable of offering a sturdy and successful resistance to any invader. But a military expedition on the Continent of Europe, if we were ever insane enough to undertake it with our present resources, could only end in disaster.

On the moral, as opposed to the physical side of the question, I should say that the weakest point in the Empire's defence, as far as Great Britain is concerned, is the ever-increasing luxury and the over indulgence in sport.

ALFRED E. TURNER.

Lieut. Shackleton has a message for you in the August PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

The Compleat Poacher

An old Hand tells of many Wiles to trap Unsuspecting Game.

THE old gentleman lived in a nice little cottage tucked away at the end of a lane, with cornland and turnip fields on either side and a small plantation on top of the nearest hill.

When the subject of poaching was first broached he preserved a discreet silence, but, having been assured that his identity would remain a secret, he was at last persuaded to speak.

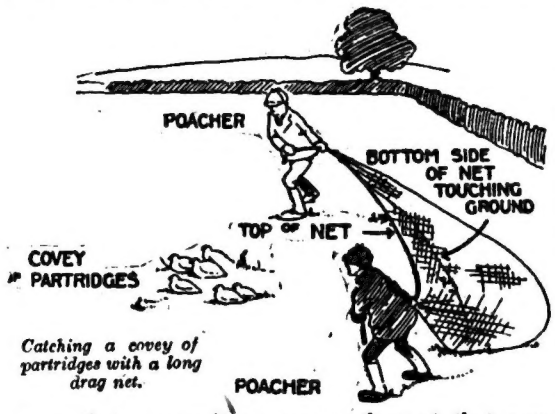
"I ha' lived in this cottage fifty year come Lammas, and you're right when you do guess that I know summat about the ways of pheasants and partridges and rabbits. You see the owner of this here estate don't live on the spot, and though he preserves the game strict enough, he lets the shooting each season to anyone who will pay for it.

"Some of the gents that takes it are good sportsmen, and others ain't; some can shoot straight, and some can't, but I fancy the birds get killed all the same, even when the gents can't hit them."

Then, with a twinkle in his eye, he added, "You see, it don't do to leave too many birds at the end of the season 'cos the cocks fight.

"Poaching good fun? Yes, it's the most exciting game I know, but you have to be very artful if you're going to beat the gamekeepers, for you see they know as much about the birds' habits as you do, and some of them that have been poachers themselves, know your little dodges, too, so you've got to be a skilled workman, so to speak.

"The easiest way to poach, of course, is with a gun, but then every shot you fire tells the keepers where you



Catching a covey of partridges with a long drag net.

are, so that you can't go on very long at that game without being caught.

"Now, snaring, on the other hand, is much safer, 'cos there's no noise, and even if your snares do get picked up by the keeper he can't be sure who laid them. Rabbits, as you know, have regular little footpaths, or 'runs,' which they always use, and a horsehair noose or ordinary iron gin laid in one of these runs will catch you a rabbit any evening in the week.

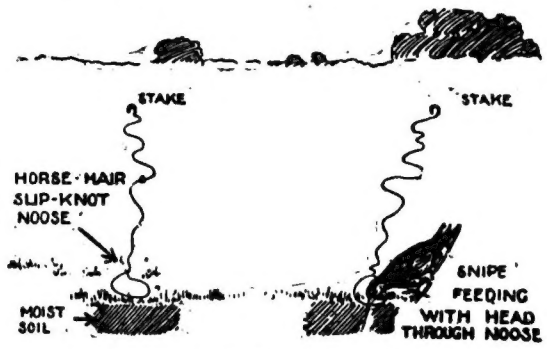
"Say you set six or eight such snares every night and only catch four rabbits an evening, that means over two dozen rabbits in a week, and if you sell them to the shops at threepence apiece, it pays you all right.

"Some men do like to use ferrets, but I think they're more trouble than they're worth. You put a ferret down the rabbit-hole, and then you fix nets over all the bolt holes you can find, so that when the rabbits come dashing out they get rolled up in the nets and you bag them.

"But then there is always the chance that your ferret may refuse to come back when you want him, and if the keepers are about, you may have to go off without him.

"There were a couple of brothers over on the next estate who used to work for rabbits this way on quite a big scale. They would have half a dozen ferrets in at the same time; but one day the little animals managed to kill a rabbit in the burrow, and then of course nothing would bring them up above ground again.

"The men got a spade and prepared to dig them out,



A snipe signing its own death warrant.

but just in the middle of the job they sighted the keepers, and had to bolt for it. The consequence was that they lost six good ferrets at one go, which caused them to give up ferreting afterwards.

"For taking partridges you want a mate, 'cos this is done with a long net which can't be worked by one man alone. Partridges, you know, roost in grass fields, all huddled up together, and when you've studied a country properly you soon get to know which are the fields where they do roost.

"For one thing, you can hear them calling to each other in the evenings, and that tells you their whereabouts pretty well. To catch them you wait till it is dark, and then set out for the fields which you mean to work, taking with you a long drag net.

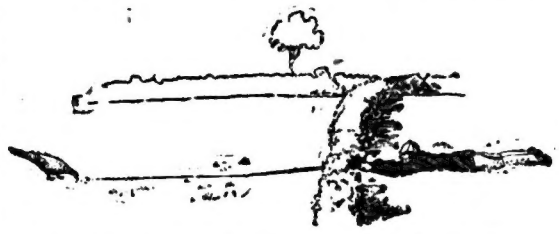
"You spread this net across the field, taking one end yourself and giving the other end to your mate. Then you drag the field, and if you are in luck you may bag a covey of six, eight, or ten birds.

"There aren't no wild-fowl in this neighbourhood, but I've been told that when there is a frost on the marshy districts you can snare snipe by digging away the frozen earth till you reach the damp soil underneath.

"Over this patch of soil you spread a number of horse-hair slip-knots, fastened to stakes, and then go and hide.

The sham water lily does not scare the wild-fowl.

Snipe live by suction, you know, and when they discover your soft patch of earth they begin to feed there by thrusting their long bills right down into the soil. When they raise their heads again they are caught in the horse-



Poaching for pheasants with raisins and a fishing rod.

hair loops, and of course the harder they pull to get away the quicker they're strangled.

"Another dodge I've heard of, which I'd very much like to have a go at, is a device for catching wild-duck with your hands. Yes, it sounds impossible, don't it, seeing how wild those birds are, but listen how it's done.

"You know those big white water-lilies that float on the top of lakes and streams—well, you get a woodcarver to cut you out a wooden lily with a hollow centre, and paint the petals white like the real thing.

"Then you get a diving suit and weight it so as to keep your body well under water, strap the wooden lily round your head so that your nose, mouth, and eyes fit into its centre, and get into the water.

"The duck are lying out on the water one or two hundred yards away, and after you have got afloat under cover of a headland or some reeds, you gently push yourself forward in their direction by working with your feet. All they see are the petals of a lily slowly drifting towards them, and there's nothing to scare them in that.

"Presently you float in amongst them, and, laying hold of a couple by the legs, you pull them under water. I

Having swallowed the bait, the pheasant is drawn in like a fish.

never saw it done, 'cos, as I tell you, there are no wild-fowl in this district, but it must be an exciting game, and no mistake!

"The way to attract pheasants to any particular patch of land is by spreading down some raisins thereabouts. I used to know a man in these parts who would go out fishing for pheasants with an ordinary fishing-rod.

"He would scatter some raisins over a patch of ground and bait his hook with one of them. Then he would let out a fair length of line and lie in wait behind some bushes a little way off, holding his rod flat on the ground so as not to frighten the birds.

"As soon as a pheasant swallowed the raisin with the hook in it and tried to fly away, old Billy would start drawing in his line just like a real fisherman. The advantage of the game was that he could always pretend he was going to catch eels, and also that there was no noise connected with taking birds that way."

"How's that?"

Curious Happenings in the Game of Cricket.

THE incident in the Middlesex *v.* Notts match at Lord's, recently, when Roberts, one of the umpires, gave Frank Tarrant out "leg before" and then reversed his decision and allowed the Anglo-Australian to continue his innings on his assurance that he had played the ball before it hit his pads, was one of those unusual cricket happenings which arouse endless discussion, and make even the best informed followers of the game dip deeply into the Laws of Cricket.

In this case the umpire was quite within his rights in doing what he did. Like a woman, an umpire has the privilege of being allowed to "change his mind"—a privilege which Tarrant showed his appreciation of to the extent of a hundred and one runs in this instance.

But it is not every batsman who is appreciative in this way. On the contrary, there are several cases where batsmen have deliberately got themselves out because they have not agreed with a "not out" decision in their favour.

His Highness the Jam of Nawanagar—or Ranjitsinhji, as he was then—for instance once, so disagreed with a decision given "for" him that he took the law into his own hands and walked away from the wickets.

This was some years ago in a Sussex-Surrey fixture, played at Eastbourne. Ranji hit a ball into the long field, where he was finely caught by Lord Dalmeny. The umpire gave the great Indian "not out" on the ground that his lordship had one foot over the ropes when he took the catch.

Technically the decision was right; sportingly it was "not cricket." So Ranji gave himself out.

A somewhat similar incident once occurred in a match between Yorkshire and Australia. The Hon. F. S. Jackson was batting for Yorkshire, and during the course of his innings he hit a catch into "the country."

Darling, who was fielding there, must have had an easy catch had it not been for the fact that some of the spectators had encroached upon the playing-field, and thus prevented him getting far enough back to take the ball.

Jackson realised this, and rather than profit by such "luck" he deliberately and obviously hit the next ball straight into Darling's hands.

Another famous Yorkshireman who once deliberately got himself out was the late J. T. Brown. Playing against Derbyshire at Chesterfield in 1898, Brown and Tunnicliffe put up five hundred and fifty-four runs for the first wicket—a score which still remains the record partnership in a first-class match.

The mental and physical strain of such an effort was too much for Brown, and as the Derbyshire bowlers could not get him out, he hit his wicket down directly he had scored three hundred runs off his own bat.

In the first Test Match that P. F. Warner's M.C.C. team played in Australia there occurred one of the most unpleasant incidents over an umpire's decision known in the history of the game.

Clem Hill, the famous South Australian left-hander, and Victor Trumper were in together. The latter hit a ball from Braund off which four runs had been made, and a fifth was being attempted, the ball having been "overthrown."

Between them, however, Relf and Lilley got the ball into the stumps, and on the unanimous appeal of all those in the vicinity, Hill was given "run out" by Crockett. Hill, by his manner, showed very plainly that the decision did not please him, and then there was such an uproar from all parts of the ground that the game was suspended for some minutes.

Ultimately it was proceeded with, but so bitter was the resentment displayed against Crockett that it was not considered safe for him to leave the ground without two detectives by his side.

After such an unpleasant incident it is pleasing to turn to one of a delightfully humorous kind.

Dr. E. M. Grace is the hero of it, and it is characteristic of the famous "Coroner." He was batting one day in a club match and hit a ball to a tremendous height in the air. He and his partner ran one for the hit, and then, before the ball descended and was caught, he declared his side's innings closed—and retired "not out!"

Perhaps the most extraordinary reason ever put forward by a batsman for the loss of his wicket stands to the credit of K. L. Hutchings, of Kent.

Hutchings declares that he once got out in Australia because he was blown off his balance when making a stroke!

High o'er the fence leaped Slumland Jim, THE FRESH AIR FUND had spotted him.

Our Courts.

Little Incidents Recorded from the Daily Papers that have Caused the Courts to Smile.

Dignity of a Policeman.

COUNSEL (to defendant at Leeds Assizes): "Why were you before the Court some three years ago?"
Defendant: "For insulting the dignity of a policeman."

On and Off Regularity.

STEPNEY CORONER: "Did deceased lodge at the address regularly?"
Witness: "Oh, yes; quite regularly, on and off."

Perhaps He Didn't Try To.

MAGISTRATE (at Kingston): "What is your name?"
Prisoner: "Conrad Harms."
Magistrate: "Conrad doesn't seem to have succeeded in keeping out of Harm's way."

Not Taking any Risks.

COUNSEL (cross-examining a variety artist in a recent libel action): "What does 'The Electric Spark—The Refined and Gay Delightfully Blended with Irresistible Charm,' mean?"
Witness: "That is just advertisement."
Counsel: "Oh."
Witness: "Why don't you come and hear me?"
Counsel: "I'm afraid I might singe my wings against the spark."

Stone Deaf.

"CAN you hear what I say?" the clerk at the Kingston Police Court asked a woman.
"Not a word," she replied.

A Degree of Coolness.

"You were as cool as a cucumber," counsel suggested to a witness at the Old Bailey.
"I was so cool," the witness replied, "that if I had a pistol in my pocket I would have shot him like a rabbit!"

A Maid a Month.

JUDGE: "You don't say much for your servants."
Witness in Divorce Case: "They were very poor servants. I thought of changing them every month."

Provocation in Self-Defence.

MAGISTRATE at the St. Helens Police Court: "Guilty or not guilty?"
Defendant: "I am guilty of provocation in self-defence."

Not Blind.

A MAN fined at Highgate for being drunk said to a doctor, who gave evidence against him, "You told me to open and shut my eyes. Come, doctor, I was all right."
"You couldn't even shut one eye," was the doctor's retort.

Nod to be Exspegded.

DURING the swearing of a jury at Whitechapel County Court an elderly Jew rose and said that he was in a difficulty. "I cannot understand English properly," he said.
Judge Bacon: "Don't trouble; you won't hear proper English here."

Or a Word to That Effect.

IN the Probate Court:—
Mr. Bayford (counsel): "Are you vicar of a parish in Wales?"
Witness: "Yes."
Counsel: "What is the name of it?"
Witness: "Langfwgfwfwmorahtowdodarbbmwowfwbowk pqyfmwgpy."

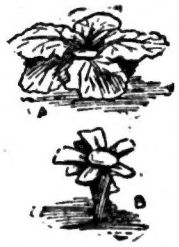
A Persuasive Advocate.

HIS LORDSHIP: "You stole the tool."
Prisoner: "It was the first time. It was a mistake. We were all working together."
His Lordship: "But you did not lose any time in going to the pawn with it. I am going to treat you too lightly."
Prisoner: "Oh, sir, you could not treat me too lightly. If you give me any time at all you are wrong. I may die in the cell, and that would be a bad job."
His Lordship: "You are a most persuasive advocate. You will go to gaol for two months with hard labour."
Prisoner: "You are a gentleman. Thank you, my lord."

Picture Pars.

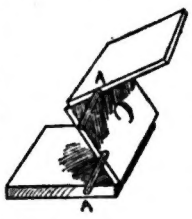
We pay half-a-crown for each accepted picture par. on this page. If you've an idea, send it along.

CUT YOUR CABBAGES CAREFULLY.



WHEN cutting a spring cabbage which ought to throw out shoots and produce other cabbages in the autumn, great care should be taken to cut as high as possible, leaving four or five outside leaves on the stem, as in picture A. This gives the young growths plenty of breathing room, and they shoot out and do well. But if, for the purpose of neatness, the leaves are chopped off low, as at B, in many cases, particularly in the dry weather, the stem will die and the after crop be destroyed.

SHADES THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S EYES.

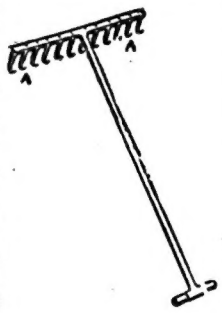


THE little contrivance which we illustrate is bound to be of great use to amateur photographers. It is a stand and reflector used for touching up portrait negatives. The three boards, two feet long by twenty inches wide, are connected by hinges so as to close up flat or open out, when in use, as shown in the diagram. Two small, brass slides, A A, hold the leaves in position, and are attached near the angles, being adjusted by a small thumbscrew in each case. The upper flap cuts off the top light, and should be lined with white blotting-paper. The middle board is furnished with an oval hole about three inches by two inches. The part of the negative to be touched up is then placed over this oval, and in this way the photographer's eyes are not wearied by too much light.

A SAFETY LADDER.

GARDENERS and fruit-pickers often have considerable difficulty in gathering fruit from the boughs of trees which slant off in all directions, and if it were not for the ingenious ladder, shown in the illustration, nasty accidents could easily happen. The ladder is much used in the Kentish orchards, and, as can be seen, towards the bottom the sides bend out considerably. This prevents side slipping. Were it not for these extended sides it is conceivable that the ladder would most likely glide off in the direction the arrow indicates.

PROTECTS THE SHEEP.



THE article in this illustration is known to farmers and agriculturists as a washing rake. It is used to prevent the sheep from drowning during the operation of washing, which is done because washed wool fetches a higher price than unwashed. The rake's teeth are turned up, as A shows, and as the sheep swims through the water, a man walking along the bank plunges the rake into the animal's wool. The turned-up prongs grip in the wool, and the animal's safety is assured. The T-shaped handle is to enable the man's grip to be firmer still.

SAVES THE HANDS.

IN workshops where it is necessary to handle the belt to put it from one speed to another, it is wise to see that the laps where the belt has been repaired are on the correct side. In the illustration the arrow points the way the belt is running, and the lap should always be on the inside, as at B. A shows the lap on the outside, and this is the wrong way, for the worker, putting his hand inside the belt in order to shift it, is liable to have it carried into the machinery.

HOW EGGS ARE STAMPED.

IT is a common custom nowadays for poulterers to stamp the eggs they send out, with their name and, in some cases, the day on which the egg is produced. This is a protection against fraud, and bad eggs cannot be substituted for new laid. In the case of stockbreeders it prevents inferior eggs being returned to them as unfertile on the off chance of their being replaced. As will be seen by the pictures, the instrument used is hollow and cup-shaped. The mouth of the cup A is covered with an elastic rubber cap on which the stamp is fitted. This allows the stamp to fit the egg with a light pressure, as far as the dotted line, giving an even and neat stamp to the surface of the egg. The pad, of course, needs careful inking.

Picked Pars.

A Few Items of Fact that Will Interest You.

The Miser of Moscow.

An old man who was arrested at Moscow for begging was found to possess a mansion in the most fashionable quarter of the town.

Plucky Sculptor.

It has just become known that M. Capellani, a well-known French actor, whose sculpture of a man drowning in a quicksand created a sensation at the Paris Salon, nearly lost his life by jumping into a quicksand in front of a cinematograph to secure a realistic model for his statue.

Why the Curtain Fell.

During a performance at the National Theatre, Marienbad, the curtain suddenly went down in the middle of an act. The manager presently explained that the curtain-raiser had received a telegram announcing that he had won £1,600 in a lottery and had dropped the curtain in his excitement.

Fortune through Arguing.

A man named Marsh, of Washington, who thirty-five years ago had bequeathed to him by a wealthy aunt an old Bible, has recently found £8,000 worth of bonds between the pages. Marsh had not opened the book before, and it was only on account of an argument that he had occasion to refer to one of the Psalms.

Mirror-made Ballet.

Frau Andresen, a lady well-known in German theatrical circles, has invented a remarkable stage appliance for representing ballets. By an ingenious arrangement of mirrors, unseen by the public, one dancer will be reflected a multitude of times so that those in the theatre may easily imagine that from fifty to one hundred ladies of the ballet are before them.

Ten Men—One Job.

Turkish newspapers announce that the number of officers and officials who will be dismissed or retired on a pension by the retrenchment scheme of the new Goverment is 27,000. All the Departments of State were excessively overmanned. There was, for instance, never room at the Ministry of Public Works for all the thousand clerks to be present at the same time. The clerks, therefore, used to divide into batches and relieve one another weekly, only one hundred working at a time.

"Carriage-riding" Coster.

A costermonger was summoned at a London police-court recently for having kept a carriage without a license. The "carriage" consisted of a costermonger's barrow used for taking the defendant, a youth, and some of his companions to the "Derby."
The magistrate said it would be a great hardship if costermongers were required to pay a carriage license for driving down to Epsom once a year in their barrows, and at his suggestion the summons was withdrawn.

Jeames, the Sportsman.

Some weeks ago a well-known Paris lawyer engaged a valet, who had excellent references, all of which have since proved to be forgeries. A few days after the engagement the valet stole jewellery worth £200 and £12 in money. He was arrested, and inquiries have shown that he has been robbing all his masters regularly for the last seven years. With the proceeds of the robberies he has gone in for racing, and he is the owner of a mare which he bought at Tattersall's last November, and which has won several races.

Off the Earth.

Messrs. Krupp, the famous Essen gunmakers, are negotiating for the purchase of the entire village of Schlagbruecker, which lies in the direct line of fire from the range at which the big guns are tested. Every year Messrs. Krupp are obliged to compensate the inhabitants for damage done by projectiles. The village will be levelled to the ground, so that the range may be no longer impeded.

Good for Glaziers.

Early one morning recently a Nottingham lacemaker went mad, and arming himself with a triple length of barbed wire with a big knot coiled at the end, he ran along Derby Road, one of the principal business thoroughfares of the city, smashing every plate-glass window he passed. Fifty big windows were shattered by his blows before his frenzied career was stopped by two policemen.

Snapshots Forbidden.

An attempt by a councillor to take snapshots of his fellow-members led to a stormy scene at the meeting of the Paddington Borough Council recently. The mayor first called on the councillor to desist, then asked him to withdraw. He replied that he would only leave "by force and bloodshed." After further discussion, the would-be snapshotter was carried out by two beadles and the mayor's marshal.

Blown Up at Banker.

During some card-playing at a Chicago gambling den a quarrel arose, and the men came to blows. While the fighting was going on, a terrific explosion occurred, which wrecked the saloon and injured three of the combatants, destroyed a large store, and completely disorganised business at a near by telephone exchange. Police investigations show that the explosion was caused by a bomb, and pieces of an infernal machine have been found.

☞ Half-a-crown will be paid to the sender of each original illustrated paragraph accepted and used on this page. Address your envelope to The Page Six Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C

THIS STORY WILL GRIP YOU. **BEGIN TO-DAY.**

PASSERS-BY

The Story of a Singing Girl, a Hunchback, and a Monkey.

By ANTHONY PARTRIDGE.

THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

THERE is nothing particularly inviting about the stone-flagged passage leading off the Strand, yet the little cavalcade, consisting of Ambrose Drake, a hunchback, wheeling a piano with his monkey Chicot seated on the top; and Christine, a young, dark girl, seeks it as a place of refuge.

"I will sing," the girl says. "I must. Some fool may pass this way. Who can tell?"

"Who can tell?" responds the hunchback. "It may be here that the great adventure will come."

Christine sings a familiar ballad, finishing in dead silence. Not a soul is in sight.

High up on the fifth floor of a hotel, however, a narrow section of which overlooks the passage, Gilbert Hannaway pushes open the window. He sees the party below, and a startling expression comes over his face.

"The girl, the hunchback, and the monkey," he exclaims softly. "In London of all places."

Hurriedly making his way to the street below Hannaway strolls along the entry to the passage, and to his utter disgust finds he has nothing in his pocket but copper.

He requests the musicians to wait while he goes back to his rooms to fetch something more substantial.

Christine is suspicious. "We do not want your money," she says. "Please go away and leave us."

But Hannaway is obstinate. "Look here," he insists. "You must not send me away like this. I have been searching for you for years. Do you remember the afternoon when you sang in the Place Madeline?"

Christine moves her eyes. That is enough. Ambrose releases the handles of his little vehicle.

Suddenly the world spins round, and Hannaway sees only the face of the girl mocking him. Then there is darkness.

Coming to, he explains to a policeman who is bending over him that he has met with an accident, and with a little aid he staggers back to the hotel.

Meanwhile, the cavalcade has hurried on, winding its way through the Strand, and finally coming to a halt at a little, smoke-begrimed house near Waterloo Bridge on the south side.

* * * * *

Gilbert Hannaway spends the evening in bed swathed in bandages. Awaking from a long doze, he rings for a drink, at the same time taking the telephone receiver from beside his bed.

He is put through to Lord Ellingham, a great statesman, and tells him of the people he has seen that day.

The receiver at the other end drops with a clatter, and Lord Ellingham breaks out: "For God's sake tell me who you are!"

"An unknown friend, or an enemy—whichever you like," Hannaway replies.

He disconnects the wires, turns over, and goes to sleep.

The following morning, quite unknown to Christine, Ambrose Drake makes his way to a public library. Turning over the leaves of a book he is rewarded by finding the name and address of the man he wants.

"*Francis William George Cuthbertson Ellingham,*
Sixth Marquis,
11 *Cavendish Square.*"

Closing the book he goes to the above address. The Marquis is informed that he wishes to see him by his secretary, and Ambrose is shown up.

He has a powerful hold over his lordship, and he insists on his leaving the country without delay.

CHAPTER FIVE.
The Disappearance.

IT was mid-November, and the afternoons were short. Already the gas lamps were lit when Drake re-entered the lodging-house, and after a moment's hesitation made his way into the little sitting-room at the back of the house. The girl was sitting there, with a pack of cards spread out on the table before her. She looked up as he entered, and the frown upon her dark, sullen face grew deeper.

"Where have you been, Ambrose," she asked, "all day long? Why have you left me here alone?"

"It was wet," he answered quickly, "too wet for you to come out. I sold matches this morning. Since then I have had the organ out, Chicot and I. We did not do so badly."

She looked disdainfully at the handful of coppers which he laid upon the table.

"Faugh!" she exclaimed. "It disgusts me, this cheap, dirty money."

"We live by it," he answered grimly.

"It has stopped raining," she said. "I shall go out now for a little time. I have on my thick boots."

"As you will," he answered, a little wearily. "The piano is still outside."

"And Chicot?" she asked.

He brought into evidence the canvas bag hung over his shoulders. Chicot's little black head peered out. The girl rose, and pinned on her hat before the cracked looking-glass. Not even the careless indifference of her movements or her shabby clothes could altogether conceal the elegant lines of her slim young figure.

They descended to the street together. Drake lifted the handles of the barrow a little wearily. For two hours he had been grinding out his wretched music, and his legs were weary.

"Which way?" he asked, turning eastwards. "I think this will be better."

The girl shook her head. She pointed across the river, to where the lowering skies were already catching the reflection from the flaring sky signs and hotels ablaze with light.

"No!" she said firmly. "It is there that we must go. It is there that we go all the time. You forget, Ambrose, that it is not for our miserable pennies that I walk these wretched streets. It is for the search, still for the search!"

He obeyed her, but with reluctance.

"You forget last night," he said. "We may be seen. He may have informed the police."

She shook her head.

"You did not hurt him," she said. "What can he do? He cannot make us speak. I can be dumb, and so can you. Come!"

They crossed the bridge. The girl walked apart and unseeing, her eyes fixed steadily upon the deepening glow in the skies. Drake groaned a little to himself as he pushed the barrow. He had eaten little, and his limbs were stiff with cold and wet. Now and then he looked wistfully toward the girl, but never once did she turn her head. At the corner of the Embankment she paused.

"Here first," she said.

Silently he arranged the seat, sat down, and struck the crazy notes of his little instrument. The girl folded her hands and sang. The monkey, with outstretched hat, collected the pennies. Then a policeman moved them on. It was always like that.

They passed along the Embankment. The girl walked close to the stone wall, looking down to the river. Drake, whose breath was coming in little gasps, pushed his barrow along close to the kerbstone, to avoid the heavy mud.

They passed the side streets which led up into the Strand, and turned into Northumberland Avenue. Once more they paused, and repeated their little programme. There were fewer people and fewer pennies this time. The evening was raw, and everyone was hurrying. When the girl had finished singing, there were very few for Chicot to visit with his little feathered hat.

"Let us go back," Drake said. "It is a bad night. There are few people out of doors. We have enough for dinner. I did well with the matches this morning."

The girl shook her head.

"No!" she said. "I am going on, on that way." She pointed across Trafalgar Square, westward. "If you are tired, go back, you and Chicot."

She walked on, as though heedless whether they followed or not. Drake set his teeth, and commenced once more his weary pilgrimage. The wheels of his barrow were stiff, and the traffic around him grew thicker. Still, somehow or other, he managed to keep his eyes upon the girl ahead. Once or twice, when the crowd was thick, he grew anxious.

"We shall lose her, Chicot," he muttered. "No, there she is! Courage, little one. We must push on."

A hansom cab missed him by barely a few inches. A motor-car, whizzing by, splashed him all over with mud. Still he kept her in sight along Pall Mall, up Regent Street, once more to the left, always westward. She paused for a few moments to look into a shop. He caught her up here, and called to her weakly.

"Christine," he said.

She turned away, and approached the edge of the pavement.

"Christine," he gasped, "I am tired. The roads are heavy, and I have not eaten much to-day. Let us rest for a little time."

"Rest!" she answered bitterly. "There is no place here to rest."

He sat upon the handle of his barrow.

"Let us go home," he said, "more slowly. "No one will stop to listen to us to-night. If we sing here, the police will only move us on."

"Go home, if you like," she answered. "I am going further. Somehow I feel that here in London we are near the end of it."

"The end?" he gasped.

"The search," she answered. "You know what I mean. There is something which tells me that here, not far away, I shall find him."

She paused. For the first moment a shadow of something which might have been sympathy crossed her face.

"As for you," she said, "you are not strong enough for this. You are tired. I can see that you are very tired. Listen. I will wait here and hold Chicot. You shall go over there and take something to drink, something hot."

He hesitated. Even then he would not have gone but for the feeling of faintness, against which he had been struggling for the last half-hour.

"You will not move from here?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Then I think I will go," he said. "It is foolish, but there is a pain."

He plunged into the traffic and crossed the street to the bar opposite. They looked at him strangely as he drank his hot spirits and water. On a corner of the counter was a little basket of bread, left over from luncheon time. He took a piece and ate it ravenously. He remembered suddenly that he had not eaten since that early breakfast. Then he turned once more into the street, and crossed the road.

His heart gave a sudden jump. The organ was there. Chicot, indeed, had collected a small crowd, for he had escaped from his bag, and was sitting on the top saluting the passers-by with profuse wavings of his little hat. The organ was there, and Chicot indeed, but the girl was gone!

* * * * *

He stood upon the kerbstone, gazing wildly up and down the great thoroughfare. He peered into the shops, came back again, and walked backwards and forwards along the crowded pavement. Christine was not there, and his heart was filled with a sudden terrible apprehension.

People stared at him, this queer little figure, with tragedy written large in his face, who wandered hither and thither peering into their faces, looking everywhere, looking for something which he could not find. At last he came back to the organ.

"We will wait, Chicot," he muttered. "We will wait here She has gone away to buy something, perhaps. She will come back. We must wait here, Chicot, or she will lose us."

The rain commenced to fall; at first softly, then more steadily. Chicot crept into his bag. With trembling fingers Drake drew the waterproof covering over the little piano. Then he stood up by its side, facing the pavement, looking up and down, across the street, up and down again. Sometimes they moved him on. He went a few yards and returned.

"She will come back," he muttered to himself. "She must come back. We will wait, Chicot and I."

CHAPTER SIX.
Christine Dines.

EXACTLY how it happened, Christine herself could scarcely have told. She had been gazing without any special interest into a shop window, awaiting Drake's return. Suddenly she was conscious that someone was standing by her side, a hand was laid even upon her wrist.

She looked around, startled. It was the man who had rushed the night before down from his rooms into the narrow passage—the man whom they had left lying upon the pavement with his face turned to the skies. She recognised him at once with a little gasp.

"This time, young lady," he said quietly, "I am not asking you any questions. I know quite well who you are, and I want to talk to you. Are you alone?"

"I will not talk to you," she answered, snatching her wrist away. "I do not know you. I am waiting for Ambrose. When he comes you will be sorry."

The young man laughed softly. It was not at all an unpleasant laugh, nor was he an unpleasant person to look upon.

Budgets, South Poles, Channel Flights, and Test Matches all become back numbers. PEARSON'S MAGAZINE never does.

"My dear young lady," he said, "why will you persist in looking upon me as an enemy? I can assure you that I have no wish to be anything of the sort. It may be very much to your interest to talk to me for a few minutes. At any rate, I have found you, and I am not going to let you go."

Something in his face suddenly attracted her. He was good-looking, after all. She hesitated.

"Come," he said persuasively, "do not be foolish. Times are bad with you. Don't think me impertinent, but I can see that. It is not fit for you, this life."

"It is the life I choose," she answered, a note of fierceness in her tone.

"You have, perhaps, an object," he said quietly. "But never mind that now. You must come with me."

"Where to?" she asked.

"I am going to take you to a restaurant," he said, "close here, and I am going to give you some dinner. Afterwards, we will talk."

The idea appealed to her amazingly. A restaurant, good food, wine, flowers, and lights! She half-closed her eyes. When she opened them again she was quite determined.

"I will go with you," she said. "Let us hurry. We must be gone before Ambrose returns."

He needed no second bidding. In a moment or so they were across the street, and he piloted her through the throngs of people for a hundred yards or so. Then he stopped before a great restaurant. The commissionaire threw open the door with a bow.

"We will go in here," he said, "into the grill room. It is too early to find many people there, and we can talk."

She followed him into the room. He led the way, preceded by a bowing *maître d'hôtel*, to a corner table. She sank into a chair with a little sigh of relief. There was everything here which she had hoped for—clean linen, sparkling silver, flowers upon the table, a delicate sense of warmth, and in the distance, from the larger restaurant, the faint sound of music.

He took the *carte* and ordered the dinner. The waiter placed by his side a gold-foiled bottle and a pail of ice. Over their oysters Hannaway looked at her, smiling.

"Come," he said, "this is better than hitting me on the head because I venture to show myself to you once more."

For the first time she smiled. The parting of her lips was transfiguring. One realised, almost breathlessly, that this girl with the tired eyes and sullen face was, if she chose to claim her heritage, beautiful.

"If Ambrose should find us," she said, "I think that he would do more than strike you."

"I will take my chances," the young man answered easily. "I do not think that he will find us here, but even if he does, he shall not take you away until I have said something to you which has been in my mind since——"

Her hand flashed out across the table.

"Never mind when," she said hurriedly. "You must say what you want to, I suppose, and I will listen. But remember that even here there are waiters and people at the next table. There are some things it were better not to speak of."

He remained silent for several moments. The girl sipped her wine, and, with her elbows upon the table, leaned her head on her hands and looked across at him thoughtfully. He was certainly good to look at, this young Englishman. It was a pity that he knew anything of those days that lay behind. It was a pity, she thought, that she had not met him then for the first time, that this ceaseless duel between the two must intervene, must keep her always upon her guard.

Their table was admirably chosen for a *tête-à-tête*. There were few people in the room, and the little party at the nearest table were too thoroughly engrossed in themselves to be of any serious account. Gilbert Hannaway, who for some time had maintained a deliberate silence, turned in his chair and took careful stock of their surroundings, after the waiter had borne away the plates from their first course.

"I think," he said, "that we are not in very much danger from eavesdroppers here. Tell me this. Is this miserable existence of yours, this tramping after a piano organ, a necessity of your life? Or is it merely a cloak for something else?"

"It is a necessity," she answered.

"You are really as poor as you seem?" he asked.

"Poorer," she answered. "I have known what it is, within the last few weeks, to depend upon the pennies thrown to us in the streets, for the food we ate."

"I do not understand it," the young man said. "There should be one man, at any rate, upon whom you have a sufficient claim."

Her eyes suddenly glittered. She leaned far across the table. Her lips were parted. A flush of excitement was in her face.

"There is," she answered. "Do you know where I can find him?"

The young man toyed with his wine-glass.

"Perhaps," he said. "That depends."

"Upon what?" she whispered, almost fiercely.

"Upon two things," he answered. "The first is, I must know exactly what your attitude towards that person will be when you have found him."

"The second?" she demanded.

"I think," he said quietly, "that you know. For four years I have been looking for you. That is why, when I looked down from my rooms and saw you singing in the passage underneath, saw you and the hunchback and the monkey, that I rushed down like a madman, determined that this time, at any rate, you should not escape me."

She drew away.

"You were foolish," she said. "You are foolish now."

"I do not deny it," he answered. "I have been a little foolish ever since I used to see you, almost day by day, singing in the streets. You were never very gracious. Sometimes when you saw me there amongst your scanty audience, you would even frown and look annoyed. You scarcely ever spoke a kind word to me, and yet, when you disappeared, I commenced a search which has never ended until now."

She looked at him a little curiously. Her face was no longer sullen, and, with the passing of the frown from her dark, silky eyebrows, her eyes seemed somehow to have increased in size. They watched him steadily, soft, brilliant, inquisitive, anything but tender. Her mouth was no longer hard. Her lips had parted in a faint, mocking smile.

"And now that you have found me," she asked, "what do you want?"

"To help you, if I can," Hannaway said. "I believe," he continued, "that this time, at any rate, you are really what you seem. I believe that your poverty is not a disguise. You really trudge these cruel streets for a hard living. You were not born for it. It is not right that you should live such a life."

"You wish to help me?" she asked.

"I do," he answered fervently.

"Then you can tell me," she said, leaning a little forward, "something that will end my search. You can tell me the whereabouts of the man whom we seek."

"I could," he answered; "but I will be frank with you. I have no information to give away. I will sell it at a price."

"Sell!" she repeated scornfully. "Look at me. My hat has been soaked through a dozen times, and it cost me five shillings. My clothes were bought from a ready-made stall. My boots—well, the soles are thick, but they are what your country girls wear who walk to market. Look at me. I have no gloves. All my jewellery, the little I ever had, is in the pawnbrokers' shops of Paris, Milan, Rome, and those other places. What have I to offer you for your information?"

"You can repay me," he answered, "in the like coin. You are in search of a man——"

Her hand again flashed across the table. She seemed almost as though about to close his lips. She hung on his wrist, and her terrified eyes stared into his.

"Be quiet! Oh, be quiet!" she said. "You must not mention him. It is not to be thought of."

He smiled.

"This is England," he said.

"But it is London," she interrupted, almost fiercely. "London is not England. London is as bad as any place I know of. There are many who say too much here, who speak never again."

Hannaway drained his glass.

"My dear young lady," he said, "caution, up to a certain point, I approve of most thoroughly. But now listen to me, and understand this. I will give you, at this moment, the name and address of the man whom you seek, if you will tell me who it was you carried off, you and your strange companion the dwarf, and the little black monkey, who it was, I say——"

"Stop!" she cried, with pallid lips. "You must not!"

He shook his head.

"We are safer here than in the streets," he said. "You know when I mean. I saw you going down the hill; I saw you pass into the Rue Pigalle. I saw that strange little hunchback running, pushing the little pianoforte before him, and I saw the figure of a man walking by his side. You were there, too. I saw you all turn into the Boulevard. I saw your shadows. I even heard the sound of those creaking wheels. You turned the corner and you vanished. The earth might have swallowed you up. No one knew of you. Every corner of Paris was searched in vain. What became of you? No, I will not ask you that! I promised to ask one question, and one question only. Who was it that you helped to escape that night?"

The girl's face seemed suddenly changed. She was paler. Her features had lost all their sullen impassivity. She was like a person looking out upon dreaded things. She crumbled up her bread with trembling fingers. The hand which raised her wine-glass to her lips shook.

There were waiters at their table, but she made no attempt at lighter conversation. She sat still, looking around the room, looking everywhere but into the fixed, steadfast face of the man who sat opposite to her. Presently the time came when they were alone again.

She leaned a little over the table.

"There was no one there," she said. "We were alone. We hurried away because we were afraid. It was a passer-by whom you saw."

He smiled.

"It is not true," he answered. "There are some things about which it is not worth while to lie, and this is one of them. Will you tell me who it was? I am not a policeman or a detective. No harm will come to anybody through me."

"Not if a knife were at my throat!" she answered, with a sudden passion. "Why should I? What are you to me? I owe you what? A dinner, perhaps? Bah! You asked me here, not because I was hungry, not because you really wanted to see me again, but just to gratify your curiosity. You say that you have searched for me for four years. You want me to believe that you have thought of me, that it was for my sake. You looked everywhere for a singing girl and a hunchback and a monkey! Bah! I do not believe you. I am not even sure that you are not a policeman."

"That is not kind of you," he answered quietly. "It may seem strange to you, perhaps, that I should be so curious. Since you misunderstand me, I will ask you that question no more. Only, unless you will tell me exactly what you want of this person of whom you are in search——"

"I am in search of no one!" she interrupted, with a little nervous gesture. "It is a mistake. We are here because there is money in London, always money. And one must live. We have been in so many other places, and everyone has told us that it is here that one finds the people give the easiest."

He shrugged his shoulders and filled her glass with wine.

"You will not trust me," he said. "Very well, I will not spoil your dinner any more. I will ask no more questions. Presently we will part. Only, before you go, there is one privilege at least which you must allow me."

"I will not take your money," she said hastily. "I will not take anything at all from you."

"Then you are a very foolish person," he answered. "I do not know much about you, but I do know that it is a shameful thing that you should be singing in the streets month after month, with only that poor little hunchback for a companion. I do not ask for any return from you of any sort. I simply ask to be allowed to help you, for the sake of a sentiment."

"It is finished," she said coldly. "I can starve very well, but I would not take money from you!"

He sighed.

"You are worse than foolish," he declared. "You take pennies from the passers-by in the street, and yet you refuse the help of one who is only anxious to be your friend."

"We take the pennies of people whom we do not know," she answered coldly. "We sing and play to them, for we would ask for nothing. The greatest artiste who sings in opera does that. For you it is different. We live our own lives. After all, we are the best judges ourselves of what seems right to us."

Hannaway shrugged his shoulders. It was only too obvious that the girl was in earnest.

"It must be as you will," he said quietly. "The chicken at last! You take salad, of course? For the rest of the evening we speak of cookery, or shall it be the weather?"

She looked at him not unkindly.

"You may talk of what you like," she answered, "except——"

He smiled as he filled her glass.

"That," he answered, "is finished."

CHAPTER SEVEN.

Lord Ellingham's Plans.

MR. GILBERT HANNAWAY was on the point of cutting in for a rubber of bridge at his favourite club, when a paragraph in the evening paper through which he had been glancing attracted his notice. He read it through carefully:

> "*We regret to state that owing to sudden indisposition, the Marquis of Ellingham has been ordered by his medical adviser to proceed at once to the South of France. The announcement will be received with very great regret throughout all classes of the community, especially as just at the present time his lordship's work in the Cabinet is of great importance. We understand that his duties will be temporarily filled by the Right Honourable Meredith Jones.*"

Mr. Gilbert Hannaway excused himself from the projected game. He remained a few minutes longer chatting to his acquaintances, and then left the club. In less than a quarter of an hour a hansom deposited him at the door of Number 11 Cavendish Square.

The butler was at first obdurate. His lordship would see no one. He was leaving for abroad early in the morning, and his instructions were absolute. Hannaway, however, was possessed of an impressive manner, and he succeeded so far as to be shown into a small room to await the coming of the Marquis' secretary.

The latter, who was in a very bad temper, however, was not in the least inclined to afford opportunities to any more unknown strangers to interview his master.

"I do not know you, Mr. Hannaway," he said, "and my chief has been ordered absolute and complete rest. He cannot give personal attention to any matter of business, and social calls just now are out of the question. I am sorry, therefore, that I cannot help you."

"You can help me so far as this," Hannaway answered, "and incidentally you can also help the Marquis, of whose indisposition I was very sorry to hear. Tell him that the person who telephoned him last night from the Altona Hotel is anxious to have a few minutes' conversation with him."

The secretary's manner changed. With obvious reluctance, he turned to leave the room.

"I will give your message," he said curtly. "You can wait here."

* * * * * *

The Marquis had dined *tête-à-tête* with his wife. She was a very beautiful woman, and very much in demand in the social world, of which she was one of the principal adornments. To-night, however, she had cancelled all her engagements. In face of the statement which was appearing in all the evening papers, her presence at any social function was scarcely to be expected.

Apart from this, she had an immense curiosity as to the cause of her husband's sudden departure from England. They had finished dinner, and were taking their coffee in the smaller library, where the Marquis was accustomed to receive private visitors. The Marchioness, who had had a fatiguing afternoon, was curled up on the sofa, watching her husband through half-closed eyes.

"You certainly, my dear Francis," she remarked, "do look a little pale and drawn. At the same time, I should scarcely have thought that there was anything in your health which made this sudden departure necessary."

Her husband shrugged his shoulders.

"My dear Margaret," he said, "appearances are sometimes deceptive. I have been feeling absolutely run down for some time. To tell you the truth, I am politically in a very delicate position just now. I am absolutely opposed to our chief on several important matters. I have no following, and I am not disposed to give in altogether."

"So it is a political trouble, is it?" she asked.

"I do not wish you to understand that," he answered, taking a cigarette from a cedarwood-box upon the table, and carefully lighting it. "At the same time, if matters were different in the Cabinet, I might perhaps have made a more energetic struggle against my indisposition. Frankly, I think that I shall do myself no harm whatever if I am away during the next few months. It will obviate my acquiescence in a certain policy, which I feel sure, sooner or later, will turn out to be disastrous."

The Marchioness was distinctly interested.

"Yet," she said, "you leave the conduct of affairs in the hands of a man whose policy is, I believe, very different from yours. Isn't Meredith Jones one of those who go through life shivering through fear of the Germans?"

"Meredith Jones, at any rate," he answered, "represents the popular feeling in the Cabinet. I am almost alone in my views, except, as you perhaps know, for some very powerful influence outside the Cabinet. Single-handed, I could do nothing. If I remained, I should have to carry out another man's views. No! I am well content to be away for a short time. Apart from which," he added, with a little sigh, "I am really feeling shockingly seedy."

"You won't expect me out until after Christmas, I suppose?" she asked.

"Certainly not," he answered. "You can come just when

(*Continued at foot of next page.*)

"Beggars can't be choosers." If the little slum beggars could, they would choose a day's outing with the F.A.F.

Recorded in Rhyme.

We pay five shillings for each accepted set of verses in this feature. We don't want the sketches. Address your envelope to the Topical Editor, "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

DECEIVERS EVER.

(*When a girl in Vienna was informed by her sweetheart two years ago that he had murdered a wealthy widow, she broke off the engagement, but pledged herself to secrecy. She has now discovered that the widow is alive, and has begun an action for breach of promise.*—Daily Paper.)

As Gwendoline's *fiancée*,
Some three happy months I ranged,
Till I realised one morning
That my sentiments had changed;
But I couldn't gain my freedom,
Till I hissed with horrid glee
That I'd shoved a pint of arsenic
In my Aunt Jemima's tea.

Next I fell a helpless victim
To the subtle charms of May,
And 'twas nearly seven months before
The feeling passed away;
She released me pretty promptly
When I spun a gruesome yarn,
How I'd murdered mother's footman
And concealed him in the barn.

Then to beautiful Belinda
My affections seemed to veer,
And I worshipped her insanely
For the best part of a year;
She returned my passion warmly,
And would only let me go,
When I said for his insurance
I had slaughtered uncle Joe.

Now Gwendoline's discovered
That my aunt's not even ill,
And May has ascertained that mother's
Footman foots it still;
Belinda's learned that Joseph yet
Enjoys his drop of gin;
And what I'd rather like to know
Is where do I come in?

A LAMENT FROM THE KITCHEN.

(*The Norwich Watch Committee has decided to abolish the wearing of armlets by members of the police force, the Chief Constable declaring that a constable was always on duty, even when in plain clothes.*—Daily Paper.)

THERE used to be one night I planned
Each week, when Robert came
To show devotion to me (and
My pastry, beef, or game).

But now, alas! he's never here.
He might be called away;
And, parting, would be (like the beer
I fetch him) bitter, eh?

A whistle, p'r'aps, would blow, and he
Would leave my cosy chair.
Yes; he'd give up a rest with me
To make arrest elsewhere.

It was a *pleasure*, so he'd vow,
To eat and watch me, too . . . .
He'll always be on *duty* now,
And that comes first. . . Boo-hoo!

HOME COMFORTS ABROAD.

("*Scotch*" *whisky and* "*Worcester*" *sauce are now manufactured and sold in Osaka by the Japanese.*—Trade Paper.)

IN the lands of the East
You can sit down and feast
Off all sorts of delectable dishes;
For they'll sell you out there
Everything, I declare,
That the heart of the patriot wishes.

They make fine "London" gin
In the town of Pekin;
While the visitor to Yokohama
With delight may well scream
At the "Devonshire" cream
That's produced by the Japanese farmer.

"Surrey" fowls by the score
Are brought round to your door,
If you live in the town of Tokyo;
And the Osaka Sauce
(Labelled "Worcester," of course)
Fills you with the greatest of glee, oh!

By the sea of Tung Hai
"Grimsby" oysters they cry,
And you sit down and swallow 'em meekly.
But away at Yung-Ping
There's the genuine thing—
For 'tis there that they sell *Pearson's Weekly*.

PASSERS-BY (*continued from page 128*).

it is convenient. In fact, although we have wired to have the villa got ready, I shall probably wander about for some time and try and find a quiet spot along the Italian Riviera. I shall have plenty to occupy my thoughts. There are some papers I have always wanted to write for the reviews."

The Marchioness looked for a moment or two thoughtfully into the fire. She was not in the least satisfied with her husband's explanation.

"My dear Francis," she said presently, "but for the fact that I interviewed Sir Frederick himself, and I know that he dare not tell me a downright lie, I should come to the conclusion that you were keeping something back from me with regard to your health. Frankly, I do not believe this explanation of yours. You are not at all the sort of man to run away from trouble."

The Marquis stood still for several moments. His thin, drawn face was in a sense expressionless. Yet his wife was perfectly well aware that there was some change there. Something had happened which reminded her of a terrible week of restlessness soon after their marriage.

"There is some trouble," he said, "from which flight alone is possible."

The Marchioness raised herself a little on the couch.

"I do not like to hear you say that, Francis," she remarked. "I hope that you have not been foolish enough to allow yourself to be frightened by any of these bands of blackmailers. They tell me that half the public men in London, at some time or another, have to face trouble of this sort."

"Blackmailers!" he repeated softly. "No, it is not exactly that!"

"There is something," she persisted.

"There is something," he admitted, unconsciously lowering his voice. "There is something, I must admit that."

"Why not tell me about it?" she asked. "I think that on the whole you and I have been much more than fairly good husband and wife to one another. I do not wish to say anything which might sound *bourgeois*, but if there is any real trouble or danger to be faced, I do not need to hear the other side. I believe in you, and I would help you if it were possible."

The Marquis threw away his cigarette. He stooped down, and raised his wife's fingers to his lips. Then, after a moment's hesitation, he stooped lower still and kissed her lips.

"Dear Margaret," he said, "I thank you very much. If it were possible for me to give it to anyone in the world, you should have my whole confidence. Unfortunately, it is not possible. If you were my guardian angel, the materialised conscience of my life, I should still be dumb."

"There were times," she remarked thoughtfully, "when you were a young man, before there was any thought of your coming into the title, when you were unheard of. There were years of your life during which you seemed to have had no friends, when no one seemed to know anything about you, where you were, or what you were doing. You came back when your cousin died, a stranger to nearly everybody. I have been curious sometimes, Francis, about those years!"

His lips parted slowly into a smile, which seemed to make a stranger of him to the woman who was watching his face. Certainly it was some other man who, with fixed eyes, looked back into the shadows of another's past.

"You must remember," he said, "that in those days I was nobody. I was a well-born, penniless young man, with no career, practically no expectations. I was treated very badly by people from whom I had some right to expect countenance. I was a little wild, perhaps, but I was not worse than dozens of others. I mention this because in those days I want you to understand that I felt no shadow of obligation towards either my country or my family. That is all I can tell you, Margaret."

Then the Marchioness made what was for her a most astounding suggestion, a suggestion which even a few days afterwards she reflected upon with amazement.

"I wonder," she said, "whether you would care for me to come with you abroad. I could manage it, of course. The servants could follow us in a few days with the luggage."

He looked at her. He was astonished, and showed it.

"My dear Margaret," he said, "it is most unnecessary. For what you have said, I am very grateful, but it is better for me to go just now alone. Now, who the mischief can that be?"

There was a low tapping at the door. His secretary entered, with a brief apology.

"I am most sorry, sir," he said, "to interrupt you. There is a man here of whom I cannot get rid. His name is Gilbert Hannaway."

The Marquis shook his head.

"I never heard of him," he said. "Are you sure that he is not from a newspaper?"

"I am quite sure," the secretary answered. "He is very urgent in his desire to see you, and he will give me no further explanation of his coming than this: He says that he is the man who rang you up last night from the Altona Hotel."

The Marquis set down his empty coffee cup. It was impossible for either of the two people in the room to avoid noticing that his hand was trembling. Again there was something in his eyes which, to those two people who knew him so well, seemed to suggest another man living in another world.

"I will see this gentleman," the Marquis said. "You can show him in here," he added, with a little glance toward his wife.

She rose at once, and shook out her gown.

"I will go to my rooms," she said, "and read for a little time. Perhaps if you are not detained too long, you will come in and see me."

The secretary held open the door with a low bow. Her husband, as she passed, once more raised her fingers to his lips.

"My dear," he said, "I shall certainly come."

(Another long instalment next week.)

CHILDREN'S SOCIETY AGENT: "Before I can allow you to go on as little Eva in this performance I must see the manager."

Little Eva: "I am sure he can satisfy you. He is my son."

MR. SLOWMOVE (at 12 p.m.): "There are some words in the English language I simply can't pronounce."

Miss Bored: "Yes, I notice you find it very difficult to say 'good-night.'"

TO PASS THE TIME.

A YOUNG enthusiastic revivalist had been exhorting a congregation in a small town for over two hours without perceptible effect. He was somewhat discouraged until a rough old miner interrupted him with:

"Brother, I'd like to ask a question."

The young revivalist beamed. "Thank you, my man, for your interest," he replied. "I shall be more than glad to set you right on any question. Your desire for enlightenment is a good sign, which I am very glad to see. Now, what is it you want to know?"

"May I smoke?" asked the miner.

"THERE is a great deal of egotism in the profession," said the leading man.

"There is," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, with a touch of sorrow in his tone. "I am astonished to see how many actors appear to think they play Hamlet as well as I do."

OH, DRY THOSE TEARS.

A CABMAN once drove a lady and her little girl from Euston to Charing Cross.

On the way a particle of dust entered the eye of the driver, causing him considerable annoyance.

On arriving at their destination the lady gave the cabby just the bare fare, and then, this being the first opportunity the cabman had, he took out his handkerchief and attempted to remove the cause of his pain.

The little girl perceiving this, spoke a few words to her mother, and then ran back to the jehu, saying: "Please, cabby, mother says you are not to cry, here is another sixpence."

SHE (sighing): "Oh, I met such a lovely polite man to-day."

He: "Where was that?"

She: "In the street. I must have been carrying my umbrella carelessly, for he bumped his eye into it. I said, 'Pardon me,' and he said, 'Don't mention it; I have another eye left.'"

EMERGENCY CALL.

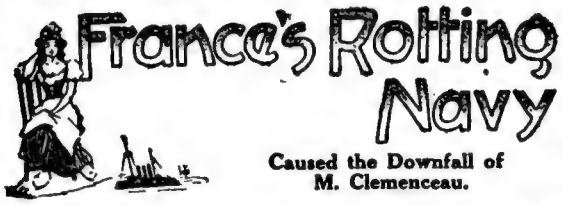
AT a draper's shop in Leeds they employed a small boy to run errands. The other day while he was waiting in the shop a lady came in and asked the shop assistant for a yard of silk. When it was placed in front of her she exclaimed:

"Oh, really I must be mad. I want muslin."

On hearing this the boy rushed out of the shop, and seeing a policeman across the way he ran up to him shouting:

"Come over quick, there's a girl in our shop gone mad. She wants muzzling."

If money talked, all the kind-hearted coppers would ask to be sent to the FRESH AIR FUND.



Caused the Downfall of M. Clemenceau.

MOST of the newspapers have fastened on the phrase that M. Clemenceau, the French Premier, fell from power because he lost his temper. But there is no doubt that the Clemenceau Ministry got into trouble as a result of the disgraceful state into which they have allowed the French Navy to drift.

For years past the French Navy has been getting from bad to worse. The men who represented it in the Government have had little or no qualifications for their posts; they have been politicians first and foremost.

When naval men wrote up to Paris protesting about the state of things on board their vessels and the impossibility of getting money for repairs, their letters are supposed to have remained unanswered. Or, if they were answered, it was not until a year or two later, when, in all probability, the writer had retired or died.

Occasionally there would be a sudden show of energy. Reports would be ordered to be drawn up and sent to Paris, but by the time they reached the capital, the spurt of energy had died down. The reports were pigeon-holed and forgotten.

The Navy soon became such a persistent scandal that people began to regard it as a bore. Every now and then some disaster would happen on board a warship. Then all would be excitement for a few days, but by the end of the week something fresh had cropped up of more interest, and the Navy was again forgotten.

One of the most productive sources of trouble was the famous "B" powder, which was affected by the slightest increase in temperature. Shells would explode at the wrong moment, spreading death all round. Scarcely a month passed without some accident, nearly always fatal, in the fleet or in the arsenals.

The most terrible accident laid to the charge of the "B" powder was the disaster in Toulon Harbour, when the *Jena* blew up, killing several hundred sailors.

At length a commission of inquiry was appointed, with M. Delcassé at its head. This commission visited the naval depots and very soon made the most amazing discoveries. Their report, issued recently, was a staggering blow to the Government, and caused the most profound sensation in France and Europe generally.

It was found that certain big guns would scarcely stand the strain of a big engagement, obsolete guns had not been replaced, and modern ones had no ammunition. Large stocks of shells of a type which was condemned nearly four years ago had since been manufactured, and were still being manufactured last year.

Six battleships of the *Danton* class will be completed in 1911, but it is estimated that their guns and munitions will not be ready before 1914 or 1915.

One battleship cannot fire a shot to defend itself against a torpedo-boat, and the magazines are empty. The ship has been in this state for a year. A gun on board another battleship burst during firing practice last year, and it is still waiting to have the damaged gun replaced.

The commission found that some warships were lying helplessly in harbour because their boilers would not work. One of them had been lying useless for several months for want of a single small valve in the engine-room. The captain of the ship had complained to the authorities at Toulon; Toulon had referred the matter to Paris; and Paris had pigeon-holed it and gone out to lunch.

In one of the arsenals it was found that the taps used in the manufacture of melinite for loading shells were tied up with string!

When this terrible indictment was made public, everybody who had had anything to do with the Navy started throwing the blame on each other's shoulders.

Admirals and Ministers vied with each other in the loudness with which they proclaimed themselves helpless in the hands of wicked inferiors or negligent superiors. And the end came the other day when M. Clemenceau lost his temper in a wrangle with M. Delcassé, and lost his Premiership at the same instant.

About the remedy for this state of affairs, opinions are, as usual, as many as they are varied. M. Picard estimated that he must have sixty millions sterling to spend in order to bring the Navy up to the mark; and here, of course, the Finance Minister stepped in and said he couldn't give him more than eight millions. In the last ten years France has spent over £120,000,000 on her Navy.

Germany has spent a trifle less, but the difference between them is this—that the two countries have exactly changed their places as naval Powers. France used to hold the second position; now she is fourth. Germany used to be fourth; now she is second.

It is scarcely surprising that France decided to sacrifice M. Delcassé rather than go to war with Germany over Morocco.

Mystery of a Blackpool Boat: £25 Reward.

Standing on the pier at Blackpool watching a departing steamer, a Manchester maid became aware that a young man on the boat was yelling to her and gesticulating wildly.

Straining forward to hear what he shouted, to her disappointment, the only words she could make out were, "The — — — — with the —"

Naturally she is very anxious to know the message which the young man wished to convey to her. Can you help her?

The reader who supplies the five lost words, which in the opinion of the adjudicators make up the best sentence or message, will receive the big cash prize. There is no special solution in the hands of the adjudicators which competitors are expected to guess.

RESULT OF "LOST WORDS," No. 2.

WE are glad to report a slight increase in the prize money in "Lost Words" No. 2. The amount available for distribution is £30 9s. 0d., which allows a prize of £15 4s. 6d. for the sender of the solution selected as the best by the adjudicators. In addition, thirty other prizes are awarded.

In going through the numerous attempts, the adjudicators were struck with the brightness and originality of the various efforts. This shows that if you have not yet secured a prize, you are working on the right lines. Keep your solutions as bright and original as possible, and you may be successful next time.

A word to those who make up solutions privately and never send them in. Why should you miss this opportunity of winning our big cash prize?

When a clever idea or solution occurs to you, never mind wondering if it has also occurred to your neighbour. Post it to us at once, and, when the prize list is published, you may find that it was more original that you thought it was, that in fact it was worthy of a prize.

"Do it now" is the motto of the successful competitor, as well as of the successful business man.

Send in your "Lost Words" solution now, and you may be the winner.

In Competition No. 2, you will remember, a scrap of paper, which had fallen from a motor-car, was picked up, in which the only decipherable words were "Please — — at — — the —"

The solution selected as the best by the adjudicators, together with the name and address of the sender, is as follows:

Please *shout* "*Trap*" at *next car*, the *pater's*.

Sent by F. J. B. MacDowell, 36 Godolphin Rd., Helston, Cornwall.

Here are some other good solutions sent in:

Please *remove ticket* at *coat-tails*, *indicating* the *price*.
Please *report elopement* at *length in* the "*Era*."
Please *help constable* at *work*, *counting* the *stars*.
Please *go back* at *once to* the *monkey-house*.

For list of other prizes, see page iii. of the red cover.

HOW TO FIND "LOST WORDS."

THIS week we invite you to solve another seaside mystery in connection with our novel "Lost Words" competition, and we are confident that the adventure of the Manchester maid on Blackpool Pier, will excite the interest of every one of you.

The idea of this week's contest is very simple. As the Manchester girl was standing on the pier, she heard a youth on a steamer shouting to her, but was only able to make out three of the words of his message.

You are asked to supply the five words which she failed to catch, and the prize-money—which we guarantee shall be at least £25—will be distributed amongst the readers whose solutions are considered the best by the adjudicators.

Here is an example which will show you at a glance how easy and simple it is to find lost words.

The message overheard by the Manchester girl was:

"The — — — — with the —." The dashes indicate the position of the words that were lost.

First of all, study the paragraph carefully. The fact that she was standing on a pier might suggest that the youth was shouting about something in the vicinity.

On a pier, you have gangways, offices, piermasters, ticket-collectors, and frequently bands, sometimes belonging to the corporation and sometimes of the German variety.

Taking the last idea, you might begin your paragraph with the words, "The bandsman." What would he be doing? Playing, or coming round with the hat?

Suppose you decide to adopt the latter idea. You would find that it filled in all the lost words at once.

"The *bandsman is coming round* with the *hat*."

Now think out a better sentence and send it on to us on the form opposite in accordance with the Conditions for Competitors.

CONDITIONS FOR COMPETITORS.

1. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry form below, or they will be disqualified. If more than one attempt is made, each must be written on a separate entry form.
2. No more than five words, and no fewer, must be written on the entry form.
3. Every coupon must be accompanied by a Postal Order for sixpence, made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and crossed "& Co.," and the number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided. Where one Postal Order of a higher value is sent to cover more than one attempt, the number of this Postal Order must be written on each entry form.
4. The envelope containing the coupon or coupons must be addressed to the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and must be marked "LOST WORDS No. 5," in the top left-hand corner.
5. Attempts must arrive not later than first post Thursday, Aug. 12th.
6. Of the amount received (after deducting ten per cent.) one half will be awarded to the competitor whose attempt is considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration, and the remaining half will be awarded in other prizes amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit.
7. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the Competition, and telegrams will be ignored. The published decision is final, and competitors may only enter on this understanding.

LOST WORDS, No. 5. Postal Order No. .....

THE			
	WITH	THE	

I undertake to abide by the conditions, and agree to accept the published decision as final and legally binding.

Signed .....

Address .....

If you can't fly across the channel, buy PEARSON'S MAGAZINE. It will prove an interesting experiment.

Hats!

By FRANK RICHARDSON, the Well-known Humorist and Whisker Expert.

I AM all in favour of hats; but there are hats *and* hats. Some hats are worse than others. Some are very much worse. Some are ladies' hats.

There can be no doubt that the hat is the most characteristic portion of a man's attire. We most of us remember the Gladstonian hat; and the curious square bowler worn by the late Lord Randolph Churchill, which has been inherited by his son Winston, in addition to his life-membership of the National Anti-Silence League.

Harry Irving has inherited Sir Henry Irving's hat : : : and brushed it the wrong way. : : : Which is an improvement.

Laurence Irving has invented a hat which is calculated to deceive the spectator into believing that it is not a hat at all, but merely a stroke of extremely bad luck.

Sir Squire Bancroft's hat is a sort of monument worthy of a very great city.

I have the extreme honour to be hatted by the hatter—or, should I say, the architect—who designs for Sir Squire. Being one day in want of a hat, owing to a cab accident on the previous night, I sent my man round from Albemarle Street to get me one.

I put the hat on without looking in the glass and, walking down Piccadilly, I attracted more attention than is my wont (or, indeed, my meed).

People nudged one another; motor cars skidded; women turned pale beneath their rouge.

Mentioned Over a Meat Tea.

For an instant I imagined the public took me for Hall Caine. But, on reflection, I realised that Hall Caine is the best-known, as he is indeed the greatest, man in the world. Everybody knows that. Even Hall Caine. (I believe this was originally a secret, but it leaked out through the enterprise of his son, or was, perhaps, mentioned by Miss Marie Corelli, the Swanness of Avon, over a meat tea at Stratford.)

The true explanation of the increased homage paid to me was the fact that my hatter had, by accident, sent me a "Bancroft" in lieu of the less-known, but equally expensive "Richardson."

Continuing the catalogue of scalp-covers and brain-warmers, the "Comyns Carr" deserves a word of praise. It is, however, almost impossible to describe, being a cross between a "Winston Churchill" and a moderate, sized pinnacle.

The "Keir Hardie" cap, without being, I understand, an indictable offence, is not to be mentioned in a fashion article. (I suppose this is a fashion article. If it isn't, I don't know what it is.)

I, of course, have been a confirmed hattist from infancy to old age. I have worn Scotch hats and sailor hats, hats suitable for coastguardsmen, and hats unsuitable for anybody; bowler hats and deerstalkers, and gent's top-hats, white and black.

But my present hat is, I think, as idiotic a lady-greeter as man can wear. It is a white hat with a mourning band.

Why I wear it I don't know, because I am not a miller, nor am I in mourning. Still, it attracts attention; and that, after all, is the principal function of a hat, especially if one is bald.

Moreover, I am the possessor of a really unique hat, which I do not ordinarily wear. This hat must be seen to be believed, and, even when seen, is almost incredible.

I bought it at St. Jean de Luz. It called me across the road to the shop it was decorating, and I entered to tell the shop-girl how much I admired it.

Afraid to Wear it in France.

I asked a male friend of mine who accompanied me to try it on. But he left the shop in a marked manner.

The hat was a sailor-hat, made apparently of American cloth of a very pronounced Anglo-Yiddish tartan—I fancy, "the McQuisker." On the ribbon around it is "H.M.S. *Star*." There are two attractive little bows of ribbon hanging from the side, bearing silver anchors.

The whole is neat and natty.

Naturally, I was immensely impressed with it. But I did not venture to wear it in France. (I think, however, that it would be "effective on the moors," as our hosiers say).

I took it back to the hotel and showed it to various friends. They are now acquaintances . : : at best.

Within an hour of my wearing the Scotch hat in the hall of the hotel, the proprietor personally presented me with my bill.

The article is still in my possession, and I show it with pride to the few guests who come to my unhappy home. Indeed, on one occasion, I took it secretly in my bag to a club of which I am a member, and hung it conspicuously on a peg.

As the members came in to lunch, it was the sole topic of conversation. Who was the idiot who had come down in this monstrous hat?

Soon after lunch, when a lot of us were sitting in the hall, I told the waiter that I felt a draught; would he fetch my hat from peg No. 69?

He appeared with the monstrosity on a charger. I placed it jauntily on my head—and was promptly reported to the committee, who discharged me with a caution, and hinted that there was a superfluity of comic men at the —— Club.

So much for the Scotch hat.

If the curator of the British Museum reads these lines and cares to communicate with me, I shall be perfectly pleased to present the curio to the nation, especially as this seems to be my only chance of getting a knighthood—which, after all, is a sort of discourtesy title. Yet, numbers of perfectly respectable brewers use it daily, and I trust that Sir Herbert Beerbohm-Tree will enjoy it for many long years.

Red Earguard Whiskers with Top-Hats.

I have often been asked what brand of hat looks least offensive with whiskers. But I think that all hats look shocking with whiskers, just as all whiskers look shocking with hats.

A "let-us-pray" with a top-hat is a sight to make angels weep; earguards, underneath a sponge-bag kettle-holder cap, are a peril to the artistic beauty of our streets.

I have a very near and dear relative who insists on wearing red earguards with a top-hat. I have cut him out of my will, not necessarily for publication, but as a sign of grief.

Sir James Crichton-Browne has never, to my knowledge, used his face-fungus without a silk hat, but Sir Edward Clarke's fittings are often worn with headgear which match them precisely in colour : : . like his frock coat and trouserettes. And the general effect, I reluctantly confess, is very dapper and dainty.

The late Mons. Chauchard (sometimes called the "Whiteley of Paris," because, like the late William, he wore whiskers) to the very last affected a silk hat with a pair of long white weepers. I understand he was buried in them.

And why not?

What else can you do with whiskers?

Strangely enough, I have never been able to extract anything from whiskerites as to what are their funeral customs—whether they wear their face-fins to the end, or have them amputated. Their hats, of course, become heirlooms.

I notice, now that it is too late, that I have said little concerning ladies' hats.

I daren't.

There is no V.C. for the civilian.

Names their Owners Hate

By "GENEALOGIST."

WHEN, some few weeks back, I offered, in connection with an article I contributed to *P.W.*, to enlighten readers as to the origin of their surnames, I little thought what I was letting myself in for.

I imagined that possibly a few scores of people, or at the outside a few hundreds, might possibly send in letters of inquiry. Instead, there were many thousands, and very strange reading some of the epistles made.

One young lady, who signed herself Edith Ivory Mallet, wanted to know if her curious patronymic "had anything to do with croquet."

As surnames were invented centuries before that game was even thought of, this suggestion was of course quite untenable. I found out, however, that in the very village where she is now living, there dwelt, some five hundred years ago, a certain Ivry Malet, and the genesis of the name became at once apparent.

Another fair inquirer was much troubled because people called her "a miserable Jew" on account of her surname, which was Isaac. She wrote from a street in South London, but informed me that she came originally from South Devon, where her family had lived for at least two hundred years.

"My Name is Heavens."

Of course! She need not have told me that, for Devonshire is the home of the Isaacs. There is nothing of the Jewish strain about them, the Hebraic looking surname being derived from the personal name Isaac, at a time when it was popular as such, and when there were no Jews in Devon, nor, for the matter of that, anywhere else in England.

I pointed this out to her, and was enabled also to convince her, by means of extracts from the church registers, that her ancestors had been regularly christened in their parish church generation after generation. This, of course, was conclusive, for the Jews do not practise the rite of baptism, and never have done so.

Yet a third fair correspondent wrote, "My unfortunate name is Heavens." I answered explaining to her that this was merely what genealogists term an "initiative corruption," and that it meant nothing more than "son of Evan."

But I was able to give, I am afraid, but scant comfort to a man, and a fishmonger at that, who rejoiced (or otherwise) in the name of Rotenherin. I was, however, able to point out to him that the original bearer of the suggestive patronymic was worse off even than he was, for it was once spelt in full, Rottenherring, being so found in the archives of Hull in the fourteenth century.

A factory girl wrote to say that her name was "so positively indecent" that she never told it to anybody if she could help it. It was Halfnaked, and she hailed, she informed me, from Sussex, where she had several relatives of the same name.

Whether she derived any satisfaction or not from the information, I am unable to say, but I was able to tell her that she was a descendant in a direct line from one Walter de Halfnaked, who lived in Sussex in 1314, and who derived his name from his manorial estate, now called Halnaker, near Goodwood.

Descended from a Sheep Stealer.

This shows one of the curious, not to say unexpected, results incidental to the fascinating pursuit of "tracking back one's ancestors." Here was a young woman occupying so humble a position in the social scale as to be compelled to earn her living in a factory, in whose veins, nevertheless, ran the blood of feudal landowners and Norman barons. But sometimes it turned out the other way about.

A gentleman who claimed descent from the Plantagenets begged of me to look up his pedigree. I did so, with the result that I discovered he was the great grandson of a travelling tinker, who, in 1732, was hanged for sheep-stealing. We did not pursue *that* pedigree any further.

Another curious case in point was that of a lady named Heberden, who, in writing, mentioned incidentally that she had heard her great grandfather was an exceedingly famous London physician. Following up this clue, I came across the following *sextain* in an eighteenth century leaflet:—

"You should send, if aught should ail ye,
For Willis, Heberden, or Baillie;
All exceedingly skilful men,
Baillie, Willis, Heberden;
Uncertain which most sure to kill is
Baillie, Heberden, or Willis."

I have yet to learn whether the lady was pleased or not at this evidence of the "fame" achieved by her ancestor.

One of the earliest letters I received was from a Miss Venus, who said she had always greatly wondered how she came by the same name as the Goddess of Love. As a matter of fact, the name, which, by the by, is fairly common in Sussex, has nothing to do with that deity, but has been proved to have owed its origin to the city of Venice, whence the ancestors of all those who now bear it originally came.

What puzzles me not a little is why people do not oftener change their names. Why, for example, should anybody choose to retain such patronymics as Rotenherin and Halfnaked?

CITIES LOST AND DESTROYED.

IT is announced that an important expedition is to start shortly into the Sahara, to search for the City of Burnished Copper, the remains of which are said to exist there.

Interest has been revived in this city, which has been lost to sight for hundreds of years, by the tales of some Arabs, who have recently returned from those parts.

It was quite by accident that they came upon it. They suddenly saw on the horizon a glittering sight which they at first thought was a mirage.

On closer acquaintance, however, they found it to be a real deserted village; their story of the city was decided by the authorities to be identical with the lost "City of Copper."

The Arabs brought back with them some relics of copper, which is a proof that they did not invent the whole story.

It is expected that the expedition will make some most interesting discoveries, with the help of the Senussi tribe.

The history of lost and buried cities makes very interesting reading. It is believed by many that Venice is sinking into the Adriatic, and that she will gradually disappear beneath the waters of the great lagoon. Other cities have gone that way before her, and ships now sail over spots which were once teeming with a populous life.

Ages and ages ago there were a strange people that were known by the name of Lake Dwellers. Their houses were built so as to stand out in the water; these "dwellers" were the survivors of a city which was submerged by the ever-encroaching sea.

In the surrounding country, south-east of Damascus, are the ruins of the "lost cities" of Bashan. All the ruins consist of stone houses well-hewn; wood cannot be found in any of the houses or fixtures. Each village was provided with one or more towers, supposed to have been used as "look-outs" for the approach of Arabs.

Open reservoirs which were found in the neighbourhood, for collecting rain water, are triumphs of the stone age, and worthy of those who undertook such wonderful tasks.

Carnegie gives free libraries, other philanthropists send nincpences to the FRESH AIR FUND.

Colours Fish Fancy

Blue Nets make the Largest Hauls.

DURING the past twelve years the question of whether or no fish are colour blind has come up over and over again, and to-day the majority of anglers believe that most fish are not only capable of perceiving colours but also have strong preferences for certain colours over others, and a curious experiment which has just been tried by the owner of a fishing boat at St. Abbs, Berwickshire, goes far to bear out the truth of this idea.

He used blue stone to dye his nets as near as possible the colour of the sea. The result was that out of a fleet of sixty-five craft, the other sixty-four of which used the ordinary brown nets, his catch was by far the heaviest.

It has also been found that by dying a prawn net green or blue a better catch may be made than with a net of ordinary undyed string. Now, if herrings and prawns are able to see brown better than blue, it seems at least reasonable to suppose that nobler fish, such as salmon and trout, are able to do the same. A good proof that this is the case is that the majority of careful anglers dye their gut casts.

Fresh water rivers are usually discoloured with earth or peat in solution, and soaking in strong coffee is the method pursued by most fishermen to make their gut as nearly as possible invisible in water so stained. Some prefer blue or green gut, but coffee brown is more usual. Even the angler for coarse fish, such as chub, roach, or dace, usually pursues the same tactics.

Another proof that fish have strong tastes in the matter of colour is this: Some days when you go fly-fishing the fish either won't rise at all or rise "short"—that is they rise at the fly, but instead of taking hold and getting hooked they just pluck at it or else don't actually touch it at all.

When this happens the knowing angler changes his fly for another and tries that, and if that does not work puts on a third, and so on. Eventually he hits on the right one, and now the fish, instead of rising "short," come valiantly at the lure, and his basket begins to fill.

Now in all probability the fly which is luring the fish to their doom is of exactly the same size as the others which they refused to take. It is in colour that it differs. For instance, there are days when trout won't look at a blue or grey fly, but seem to want a brown or a red. There are other days when a "half-stone" which is yellow or a green "partridge hackle," exactly suits their tastes.

Sometimes, when there is a little colour in a stream which is ordinarily clear, the bright gold of a "Wickham" is the one thing which they fancy. Again, late in the evening a white or grey winged fly is a far better lure than anything dark in colour.

It is the same with salmon. Salmon flies are of endless different patterns and colours, red, blue, gold, and silver, and of two men fishing in the same river at the same time but with flies of different colours, one will find the fish rise and the other will never once see the water break.

But it is not fair to give all the evidence on one side and none on the other. Here is a very curious fact about salmon fishing.

One of the principal foods of salmon while in salt water is small shell fish, such as shrimp and prawn, and although a salmon is supposed not to feed while in fresh water yet a prawn is the most deadly bait which can possibly be used for the king of fish.

But it is naturally next to impossible for the salmon angler, miles inland, to get fresh prawns straight out of the sea. As a matter of fact, he does not try to. He uses boiled prawns preserved in spirits of wine or in glycerine.

Now the boiled prawn is, of course, bright scarlet in colour, and one would imagine that the wily salmon would shy at bait of such a startling hue. Not a bit of it. He seems to like it, and will take it every bit as readily or even more so than a perfectly fresh, unboiled prawn.

NO NEED FOR DETAILS.

An American millionaire, speeding over the continent of Europe in a motor-car asked of his chauffeur, "Where are we?"

"In Paris, I think," shouted the man.

"Oh, never mind the details," irritably screamed the other. "I mean what country?"

• • • •

"ALL the world's a stage."

"Yes; and my cook seems to think I keep her merely as my understudy."

• • • •

CUSTOMER: "Are you sure this is real Ceylon tea?"

Well-informed Young Assistant: "Certainly, sir. Mr. Ceylon's name is on every package."

NOT LIKELY.

Young Sportsman: "I say, did I hit anything that time?"

Gamekeeper: "I don't think so, sir. There can't nothing in sight but the birds, sir?"

• • • •

WILLIE: "Ma, is this hair-tonic in this bottle?"

His Mother: "No; that's gum."

Willie: "I expect that's why I can't get my hat off."

• • • •

HER HUSBAND: "Well, it takes two to make a quarrel, so I'll shut up."

His Wife: "That's just like a contemptible man! You'll sit there and think mean things."

Hen-pecking an Emperor

Some Stories of Abyssinia's Empress.

MENELIK of Abyssinia appears to have fallen on evil days. He is known to have been ailing for some time—indeed, report had it not long ago that he was dead—and all sorts of contradictory statements have been made about his health.

There can now be little doubt, however, that he is dangerously ill; not only that, but his wife, the Empress Taitu, has taken over the reins of power.

It was through her intrigues that the Emperor was nearly electrocuted not very long ago. In the absence of the court doctor, Vitalien, the Empress got a Syrian doctor, who offered to cure all the Emperor's troubles by some electric treatment. He very nearly succeeded, too, but scarcely in a way satisfactory to Menelik himself.

The Syrian's knowledge was deficient and his apparatus was imperfect, with the result that he gave Menelik an electric bath of such strength that the patient was almost electrocuted. Dr. Vitalien, hastily summoned, was able to remove the Emperor from the bath just as he was on the point of death.

Everybody who has been to Addis Abeba agrees that the Empress is a clever and powerful woman. Physically she is enormous. Her weight is about twenty stone, she has a waist-line of sixty inches, and her double chin is undeniable.

Menelik is her fifth husband. The first one was imprisoned soon after their marriage and nothing further is known of him; the second she divorced; the third suffered the fate of the first; the fourth seems to have died, or been disposed of; and Menelik, the fifth, bids fair to follow in their footsteps. The Empress, in fact, is a sort of female Henry VIII.

From the very first her influence over the Emperor has been remarkable, and in affairs domestic and foreign her support or disapproval has had great weight in his councils.

At the time of the rupture between Abyssinia and Italy, it was Taitu who finally broke off relations with the Italian envoy.

A friendly understanding had been patched up between Menelik and Italy, and this was embodied in the Treaty of Uchali. But Menelik thought that the Italians had tampered with the text of the treaty, and protested. Count Antonelli set off for Addis Abeba to smooth matters out.

Menelik complained that the Italians had translated the treaty as though he acknowledged the King of Italy as a sort of overlord, which he most emphatically declared he was not. Antonelli said this was quite a mistake, and that no such interpretation was intended.

Suddenly the Empress broke into the discussion. "We, too, have our dignity to safeguard," she declared. "Ethiopia will never accept a protectorate."

Antonelli asked her to suggest some way out of the difficulty. Taitu picked up a piece of paper and wrote the text of a new treaty which practically broke off all negotiations with Italy.

Antonelli went home. War was declared soon after, and the Italians defeated.

When a British mission went to see Menelik they asked him to hand to the Empress the presents they had brought to her from Queen Victoria.

Taitu received them graciously, but she showed not the slightest emotion when they gave her a splendid diamond and emerald necklace from the Queen. She rose, however, and bowed low when a signed photograph of the Queen was presented, and asked many questions.

How many children had she? And were they all by the same husband? What surprised her most was the way Queen Victoria travelled about. Taitu had never seen a train, and supposed that the Queen made her long journeys on mules.

Countries killed by Holidays

How Britain Gains on other Countries.

SEVERAL times it has been suggested that another Bank Holiday should be sandwiched in between the first Monday in August and Christmas Day so as to break this long period of nearly five months of steady work.

Objectors assert that we have too many holidays already, and that if another were established it would be extremely bad for business.

Whether the objection is sound or not it is difficult to say, but the fact remains that we as a nation have fewer public holidays than any other country. Including Christmas Day and Good Friday, ours number no more than six, which added to Sundays, make only fifty-eight workless days in the course of the year.

Compare this with our greatest colony, Canada. Canadians rejoice in no fewer than forty-three holidays besides Sundays—in all ninety-five days without work. The year's working days of the Canadian thus number only two hundred and seventy, yet Canada is at present the most progressive country on the face of the earth, not even excepting the United States.

Belgium is popularly supposed to be a hard-working country. Certainly its trade is very large and its manufactures important. Yet the Belgian workman enjoys thirteen public holidays besides Sundays.

The Austrian factory hand is still better off than the Belgian. He gets twenty-three free days, or an average of nearly two public holidays a month, not counting Sundays.

In Italy the various cities are accorded the privilege of making their own Bank Holidays. Genoa, for instance, has eleven, which are called State Holidays, and which are kept very much in the same way as our Bank Holidays.

The Roman Catholic Church observes a very large number of Saints' Days. About two-thirds of each month in its calendar is occupied with special Saints' Days. But there is no obligation to keep these holy days as "holidays" in the modern sense of the word.

Herein the Roman Catholic differs from the Greek Church, where practically all the important Saints' Days are workless.

Moreover, at Easter orthodox members of the Greek Church do no work beyond what is necessary for a whole week. The result is that Russia, whose State Church is Greek, has the almost incredible number of eighty-six general holidays in the course of the year. Added to Sundays, this makes one hundred and thirty-eight days on which no work is done in Russia.

Mexico is another country of which it is hardly an exaggeration to say that it is ruined by holidays. The Mexican, lazy by instinct, seizes every possible opportunity for a day off. He will not work on any of the principal Saints' Days, and the nation at large has nearly sixty public holidays besides Sundays.

The chief national holiday is May 5th, commemorating the defeat of the French troops at Puebla in 1862. And what is perhaps the oddest *fête* day is the National Bathing Day on June 14th. Some Mexicans—one might say the majority—are not over fond of cold water, but on June 14th everyone, from the President down to the lowest peon or labourer, is expected to give himself a good wash.

All Mahommedan countries suffer from an overplus of holidays which are enforced by their religion. First, of course, there is the weekly day of rest which is Friday. Then there are sixty-two special holidays on none of which work is done.

Finally there is Ramadhan the Mahommedan Lent. This means nearly a month of abstinence both from food—at least during the day—and from work. In all there are seventy-nine days besides the weekly Sabbath during which the strict Mahommedan does no work.

LOST AND FOUND.

Lady: "What do you want, my little man?"

Little Boy (carrying a cat): "I want that five shillings you offered as a reward for the return of your canary bird."

Lady: "That's not a canary; it's a cat."

Little Boy: "I know it; but the bird's inside."

• • • •

HE: "Now would you women take the trouble to vote if you had a right to?"

She: "No, we wouldn't."

He: "Then why are you making such a fuss about voting?"

She: "Because you men won't let us."

The cover of the August PEARSON'S MAGAZINE is so striking, that you can almost see it in the dark.

The Bargain

A Story of the Last Test Match. By WILLIAM POLLOCK.

"Is there any hope, doctor?"

The pleasant-faced, clean-shaven, healthy-looking young man asked the question in a well-modulated and controlled voice, and looked straight at the doctor.

The latter shrugged his shoulders ever so slightly, and spread out his hands in the manner of one conferring a blessing.

"Who can say?" he answered. "Cases of this sort are among the most complicated and uncertain that we have to deal with. Humanly speaking, it is impossible to tell what the outcome may be. At the moment, all I can say is that your wife has a fighting chance. No one could tell you more than that."

"A fighting chance," the other muttered—"a fighting chance. Tell me, doctor, when may one expect a change for the better, or—the worse?"

"Within the next twenty-four hours; probably by this time to-morrow evening."

When the doctor had gone the young man threw himself down in an armchair, and thought hard.

What a queer mixture of good and bad luck had been his portion during the past few days! He had been given a son—his first child—of whom he was already madly proud, and one of the dearest wishes of his life had come to pass—he had been chosen to play in the last Test Match for England against the Australians.

But—seemingly—to counterbalance this good fortune was the fact that his wife, the woman into whom his whole existence—his life itself—had merged during the short year since they were married, was lying upstairs on a bed of sickness—a bed that might easily be her death-bed ere long now.

That thought obsessed him. It outweighed every other consideration in his mind. If she were to die nothing could ever make up her loss to him. Even the boy—the boy whom they had both so eagerly looked forward to—could not compensate him.

He got up and walked restlessly about the room. Unconsciously he picked up an evening paper and opened it. It was full of the prospects of the morrow's great cricket match. A dozen times he caught his own name.

"Much will depend upon the form of James Ferguson," he read. "If this brilliant young amateur bowls his fastest and best, England should win. Since Tom Richardson's days we have never seen his equal on a hard wicket. He combines great pace, accuracy of pitch and spin, and real bowling intelligence in a greater degree than anyone else now playing cricket. England can easily stand or fall by James Ferguson." And so on, in the same strain.

He threw the paper aside. The words were extravagant, but there was some truth in them possibly. On current form he was the best bowler in the country at the moment, and he might easily win the match for his country if he played. But, of course, he could not do that now. The idea of playing cricket while his wife was lying between life and death was utterly repugnant to him. It was unthinkable.

"I must ring-up Latham and explain things to him," he muttered to himself.

But Latham, the Secretary of the M.C.C., was not to be got just then.

"Tell him to ring me up directly he comes in," Ferguson left word.

Then he started to wander about again, aimlessly and restlessly. Gradually the desire to see his wife—to be with her—became too strong to be resisted. He crept upstairs and knocked ever so gently at her door.

The silent-footed nurse motioned him to enter. Mrs. Ferguson was awake and rather better, it appeared. He tip-toed to the bedside, and knelt down. Then he took one of his wife's little hands in his own big brown ones.

"My dear one," he whispered—"my dear one!"

Her eyes smiled at him.

"Jim," she murmured ever so softly, "oh, Jim." Then: "Talk to me, Jim; tell me things; I can listen to you."

He talked to her, quietly and cheerfully. He told her what he had been doing during the day, told her about the boy—their boy, told her little bits of news.

"And about to-morrow—the match, Jim?" she asked, when he paused. "I love to think that you are playing."

She took him by surprise, and he was silent for a moment. It had never occurred to him that she would want him to play now.

"You are playing, Jim?" she said, noticing his hesitation.

"Dearest," he whispered, "I don't think—that is, I—I want to be near you. Besides, I couldn't play properly to-morrow."

Once again a little smile came into her eyes.

"But you must play. I would like you to. You've been looking forward to this match all your life. You cannot do me nor yourself any good by stopping here all day. Say you'll play, and I'll promise to get well. Say you will?"

She closed her eyes; even these few words had tired her.

For some seconds the man remained in thought. What she had said was right. He could do no possible good by staying in the house all day, and it really might do her good to feel that he was playing, especially if he "came off." The idea, of course, was not pretty, but still——

"I promise to play, then, if you promise to get better," he said suddenly.

"It's a bargain," she said almost inaudibly. "Good luck and good night, Jim."

* * * * * *

But James Ferguson had anything but a good night. For hours—so it seemed to him—after he went to bed he lay awake tossing from side to side, his brain working feverishly.

Had he done right in yielding to the whim of a woman as dangerously ill as his wife? Ought he to have followed his first inclination and gently but firmly over-ruled her? From the cricket point, too, was he justified in risking playing in the circumstances? What was the form of a man suffering in mind as he was suffering likely to be like?

But he had been in a particularly difficult position. Obviously he could not have argued with his wife. Nor could he—nor would he—have dissembled. She had, he knew, set her heart upon his playing in the match, and even in her pain and suffering she liked to think that he was going to play and, perhaps, to distinguish himself. News of his success might even give her extra strength to fight Death. That was not inconceivable.

He did not feel remarkably fresh or fit when he woke in the morning. But the information that his wife had passed a fairly good night and the effects of a cold tub quickly brightened him up.

She was sleeping when he left the house, but he left messages for her, and commanded that the doctor's report should be telegraphed him directly it was given. Also, he said, he was to be sent for immediately in an emergency, and that he would rush home during the luncheon interval.

As luck would have it, the Australians won the toss, and took first knock on a plumb wicket. Had England won, Jim Ferguson might easily have spent most of the day at home, for he was no batsman, and was always the last man in the batting order. As it was, now he would probably be in the field all day.

He opened the bowling. Almost from the start it was patent that he was not at his best, however.

Now and then he got in a fine ball, but for the most part his deliveries were disappointing. They lacked that fire which had made him so feared and famous. He was not "sticking up" the batsmen as he had been expected to. On the contrary, they found him by no means so difficult to play and score off as they had been led to believe they would.

Men in the pavilion looked anxious, and shook their heads dubiously; the crowd, more open and free in its criticism, was already beginning to murmur for a change in the bowling.

But the English captain still kept him on. He had great faith in Jim Ferguson's powers. He did not know that always before the bowler was a picture of a sick bed, that ever in his head the words: "She is dying! She is dying!" were repeating themselves.

And so, mechanically almost, Jim Ferguson bowled on. Occasionally the thought that he must do something big, something that would make her glad, flashed across his brain, and he would rouse himself from the lethargy which had taken hold of him.

But the effort never lasted. The will power he could summon was not strong enough to combat the dismal, distracting thoughts that obsessed him. In short, he could not bowl because he could not give his mind to bowling.

Twenty minutes after the game had started a telegraph-boy ran on the field with a wire for him. He tore it open, half-fearfully, half-hopefully. "No better, no worse," it said.

It was not reassuring news, and his bowling was looser than ever during his next over.

"Wot's the matter, Ferguson? Backed a loser, 'ave yer? Garn, take 'im orf!" yelled a voice from the crowd.

The English captain took the advice.

"I'll let you have a rest for a bit, Ferguson," he said.

Jim recognised the necessity for his being taken off, but it was a bitter blow to him all the same. He had so hoped that he would be able to take home news of some success to his wife by lunch time. He was really beginning to believe that such news would have a tonic-like effect upon her.

But the bell for luncheon rang without him having achieved anything. Four Australian wickets had fallen, but he had not had a hand in the capture of one of them. He had been given two overs before the interval, but the batsmen had played him comfortably.

A taxi-cab took him home in ten minutes.

Yes, Mrs. Ferguson was awake and expecting him, the nurse said. He went in.

Tenderly he kissed the soft white hand that lay, limp and heavy, outside the bedclothes.

"Darling," he said softly. He did not ask how she was—his eyes told him that only too plainly.

She smiled feebly at him.

"Jim," she murmured, "it is good to see you—and the cricket?"

It was beautiful this unselfishness of hers, this way in which she subjugated her own suffering to her husband's doings.

He tried to answer her cheerfully, but his voice was unequal to the effort. Falteringly he told her how the play was going, shamefacedly almost—for, for her sake, it grieved him beyond measure—he had to admit his own failure.

"But cheer up, Jim," she whispered; "I know you will have better luck this afternoon. Between us we must make our bargain a good one."

"God grant that we may," he said to himself, as he carefully closed the door behind him a minute later. "For it is out of our hands now."

* * * * * *

James Ferguson was not put on to bowl directly after lunch, and it was half-an-hour before the English captain tossed the ball to him and said "Have a shot at that end, will you, old man?"

During that half-hour Jim had been living in torture. The mental agony he had been enduring had been horrible. Utter despair had seized his mind. Every moment he expected to see a telegraph-boy hurrying across the field, bringing him news of his wife's death. He had resigned himself to the worst.

But hope—the most precious gift that we mortals have given us—was not entirely dead within him, and as he took the ball a gleam of hope that he might yet achieve something big, that he might yet help "to make our bargain a good one," came to him. He had a chance: was he capable of taking it?

He set his teeth hard, and commenced his run-up to the wicket. The ball left his hand at a great pace, and pitched a beautiful length outside the off stump. The batsman shaped to let it pass untouched, but it whipped back like a flash, and an instant later his leg stump was knocked out of the ground, and his bails were flying in all directions.

That success was just what Jim Ferguson needed. It gave him confidence; it spurred him on. From that moment he bowled as he had never bowled before—he was irresistible.

Ball after ball he had the batsmen "feeling for him"; time after time he beat them and just missed the stumps. His pace was terrific, his length wonderful, his break extraordinary. In his hands the ball had become like a live thing.

In his third over he clean bowled the Australians' crack batsman with a ball which the latter could scarcely have seen; in his fifth he got one of their several left-handers caught at the wicket.

In a few overs he had completely altered the aspect of the game. From having a hundred and eighty for four wickets the Australians had now lost seven men for two hundred. Such is the glorious uncertainty of cricket—the uncertainty which is one of the greatest charms of the game.

The young amateur's success was immensely popular, of course. His fellow-players congratulated him warmly, and the vast crowd, quite twenty thousand strong now, cheered him lustily and almost continuously. But to him the sweetest applause was in the face which he pictured to himself—the white, wan face, whose eyes seemed to be smiling encouragement to him, whose lips seemed to be saying, "Well done, Jim, well done."

His thoughts and the mental picture he conjured up seemed to transfigure him. He forgot everything—the other players, the crowd, the cheers, and excitement. He was playing for his wife; he was bowling to save her life. It was a game between him and death. And he was winning.

The Australians had but three wickets left now, and as in a dream Jim realised that the quicker those wickets fell the quicker would he be able to rush home—and to her.

Dimly he saw a batsman crouching in front of him, awaiting the next ball. Jim hardly looked at him; his eyes were fixed on the three stumps. "I must hit them," he muttered.

A great shout rewarded him, as the middle stump fell flat. But he was deaf to it. He did not want cheers.

Two minutes later another roar of cheering broke forth; he had bowled the next man in first ball. But he was as oblivious to that as he was to the wild enthusiasm which manifested itself when he did the hat trick by "yorking" the Australians' last man in.

He could think of nothing but of her and of how glad she would be, and it was only the sound of his own name, uttered by a telegraph-boy as he was dashing up the pavilion steps, that disturbed his reverie.

"Ferguson?" he said. "Yes!"

He tore the message open. It was from the doctor.

"Better come at once," he read.

* * * * * *

"She is nearing the crisis, but is still conscious. It is touch and go with her now. Yes, you may see her for a minute. She has asked for you several times."

The doctor spoke gravely, but not definitely. He was uncertain of the ultimate result. It was impossible to foretell what might happen within the next half-hour.

Jim went in. She opened her eyes as he sank down by the bedside.

Tears were in his eyes. "My wife," he said. That was all. His voice was broken with sobs.

"Jim," she murmured, "the bargain? What have you done?"

He told her of his great success.

"Bravo, my Jim," she whispered. "I am so glad. Now I am going to do my share. I *will* get well."

A moment later she was asleep and breathing easily.

The doctor moved across the room and looked at her. Then he touched Jim lightly on the shoulder.

"Get up," he said quietly; "you have done for her what no one else could have done."

A threepenny piece is a small coin. Three of these small coins if sent to the FRESH AIR FUND will perform the wonderful feat of giving one child a day in the country.

Quips and Jestlets

IT WAS CHEESE.

The brothers Billstein were being entertained by one who was anxious to avail himself of their financial acumen. But as ill-luck would have it, the talk veered to other things.

"Do you like Omar Khayyam?" thoughtlessly asked the host, trying to make conversation.

It was the elder brother who plunged heroically into the breach.

"Pretty well," he said, "but I prefer Chianti."

Nothing more was said till the Billsteins were on their way home.

"Willie," said Sammy, bitterly, breaking a painful silence, "why can't ye leave things that ye don't understand to me? Omar Khayyam ain't a wine, ye cuckoo, it's a cheese!"

She: "The Swellingtons called on us last week, you know."

He: "Yes."

She: "Don't you think it is about time we should retaliate?"

Joynes: "I tell you, Singleton, you don't know the joys and felicities of a contented married life, the happy flight of years, the long, restful calm of——"

Singleton: "How long have you been married?"

Joynes: "Just a month."

Doctor (to patient): "Your heart is rather irregular. Have you anything that is worrying you?"

Patient: "Oh, not particularly. Only that just now, when you put your hand in your pocket I thought you were going to give me your bill."

LIGHTS OUT.

An irascible sergeant going his nightly round of the barracks in order to make sure that all lights had been extinguished, noticed that a window was illuminated. He roused the occupants of the room.

"Put out that light!" he ordered, "and be quick about it."

"But it's moonlight!" explained a private.

"I don't care what it is," roared the sergeant, "put it out!"

Director: "Our work is so divided that each of our men has the work he is best fitted for. Jones is treasurer, Smith secretary, and Brown is——"

"But Brown is deaf as a post."

"And Brown has all the complaints referred to him."

"If you put a bob on a horse with that chap at twenty to one, and it wins, you'll get a sovereign and your own shilling back," said a race-course tout to an unsophisticated looker-on.

"How much would I get if I put a bob on at half-past twelve?" asked the latter.

The other-people's-business man persisted in trying to extract information from a prosperous-looking elderly man next him in a railway smoker. "How many people work in your office?" he asked.

"Oh!" said the elderly man, getting up and throwing away his cigar, "I should say, at a rough guess, about two-thirds of them."

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

"A penny for your thochts, Sandy," murmured a Scotch lassie, after her laddie had been silent for a long time.

"Weel," replied Sandy slowly, with surprising boldness, "tae tell ye the truth, I was jist thinkin' how fine it wad be if ye were tae gie me a wee bit kissie."

"I've nae objection," simpered the girl, kissing him plump on the tip of his left ear.

Sandy relapsed into a brown study once more, and the clock went on ticking.

"An' what are ye thinkin' aboot the noo?" asked the girl. "Anither kiss, eh?"

"Nae, nae, lassie; it's mair serious."

"Is it, laddie?" asked the girl softly. "An' what micht it be?"

"I was jist thinkin'" answered Sandy, "that it was aboot time ye were payin' me that penny!"

THOUGHT IT NEARLY TIME.

Despite the imaginative nature of the child, it has a decided tendency to see things in a literal sense. This is noticeable in the acquiring of language. For instance, little Herbert was pleading to go out of doors to play.

"When I see fit you shall go," said his mother, decidedly.

This settled the matter, and the little fellow went off to his blocks. In about half-an-hour he returned, and said:

"Mamma, have you seen him?"

"Seen whom?" replied the lady, utterly in the dark as to his meaning.

"Why, Fit?"

WISE TRAMP.

He was nothing but a tramp, a modest, retiring, tramp, one of Nature's noblemen kind; and when in answer to his timid knock a young matron opened the door he asked:

"Might I beg for a cup of hot water from the breakfast table?"

"You might," she began frigidly, when he interrupted:

"Would it be possible to spill a few drops of coffee into it?"

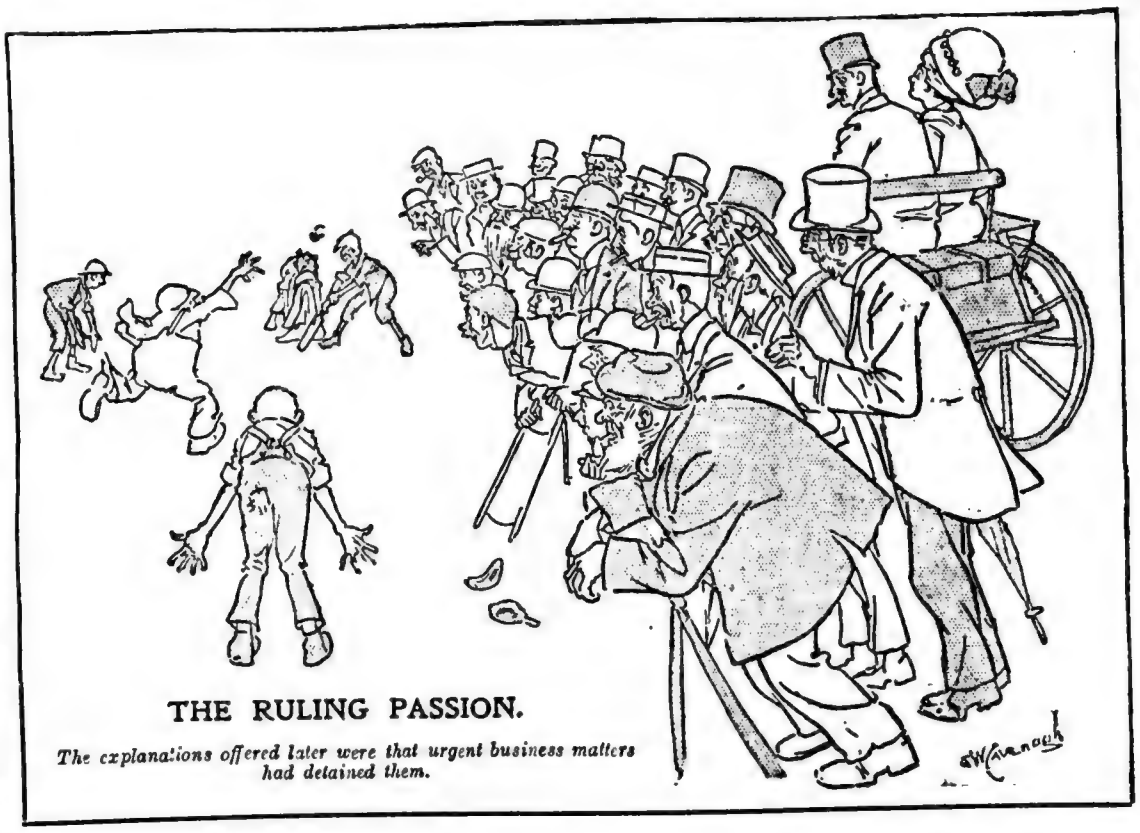
"It would be; but——"

"And a spoonful of milk——"

"I never in my life——"

"One moment, please. I don't ask for sugar; but if you will kindly look into the cup it will be turned into nectar—nectar, madam, the food of the gods."

He got it, and two large pieces of toast besides.



THE RULING PASSION.

The explanations offered later were that urgent business matters had detained them.

NAUGHTY.

"What part of speech is 'kiss'?" asked a high-school teacher of one of her pupils the other day.

"A conjunction," replied one of the smart girls.

"Wrong!" said the teacher severely. "Next girl."

"A noun," answered a demure little maiden.

"What kind of noun?" continued the preceptress.

"Well, it is both common and proper," answered the shy girl, and she was placed to the head of the class.

THE COMING OF THE SQUALL.

They were a newly-married couple and superlatively happy. He spent the day in the city working for her; she spent the day at home, dusting up the rooms and cooking for him.

And when they were together in the evenings she pretended that his long absence at work didn't leave her very lonely; and he pretended that eating the things she cooked didn't make him extraordinarily uncomfortable.

One night, however, when he returned home she was in great distress, and the tears were streaming down her pretty cheeks.

"Why, dearest," said the young husband, taking her in his arms, "what are you crying about?"

"Oh, Henry, Henry!" sobbed his wife. "There are no sweets for your dinner. The mice have got into the pantry and eaten up the beautiful custard-cakes I made this afternoon."

He stroked the locks back from her troubled brow.

"There, there, dear," he murmured gently. "Don't cry over the death of a few little mice."

TRYING.

A dear old country gentleman and his wife paid a visit to the seaside.

While the simple pair were walking on the beach one evening they suddenly noticed the revolving light of a lightship.

The old lady gazed at it with open eyes for some minutes, then she turned to her husband with a puzzled look.

"Well," she exclaimed, "if the man in that ship hasn't lit that light forty times and it has gone out every time."

Maud: "Belle doesn't wear French heels any more. Her husband won't let her."

Ethel: "I said she would lower herself by marrying him."

The Author: "Unless my novel succeeds at once, I'll starve to death."

The Publisher: "Great idea, my boy! Start in at once; it would advertise your book wonderfully."

Lady (who takes a kindly interest in her servants): "I hear you've been to Brighton, James. Did you enjoy yourself?"

James (stolidly): "No mum. I had the wife with me."

A TREMENDOUS HEIGHT.

A city clerk never missed the chance of expatiating on his garden to his colleagues, who, however, were never taken home to see it, but were under the impression that it was of enormous size.

Five of them resolved to have a look at it, discovered his address, and called one Saturday afternoon to see his garden.

On being reluctantly taken through to the rear of the house, judge of their surprise on seeing a backyard about 12 feet by 10 feet.

One bold spirit ventured to remark that it was not very big.

"Big," replied the proud owner, pointing to the sky. "Why, man alive, look at the height of it!"

Mistress: "Now, Jane, if you are strictly honest and economical when you go shopping, I will give you a few shillings extra a month."

Jane: "Thank you, mum. I'll think it over and let you know in the evening."

"Quills has had a story accepted at last," remarked a novelist to a colleague.

"Surely not," was the rejoinder.

"Yes. He went home at two o'clock this morning with an awful yarn, and his wife believed it."

"It's hard," said the sentimental landlady at the dinner table, "to think that this poor little lamb should be destroyed in its youth just to cater for our appetites."

"Yes," said the smart young man, struggling with his portion, "it is real tough!"

His Mother: "What are you moping about the house for, Tommy? Why don't you go over and play with Charley Pinafore?"

Tommy: "'Cause I played with Charley Pinafore yesterday, and I don't suppose he's well enough yet."

NOT HER HUSBAND.

"Hallo! Are you there?" asked a lady's voice.

"Yes; who are you?" came the inevitable reply.

"Oh, you know well enough. What I want to know is what you mean by sending me hats to look at, marked two guineas, when I distinctly said I wanted a fashionable hat at six at least. And yet you call yourself a kind, good husband."

"But——"

"But nothing. I won't listen! Only, you'd better not show yourself here till you have ordered that milliner to send hats—real hats——"

"But, madam, I assure you there is some mistake!"

"Oh! Who's that? Aren't you 0072 Met., the office of Mr. Jonas Slowspend, wine merchant?"

"No, madam. This is 0027 Met., the office of the Society for the Prevention of Unkindness to Animals. Will you kindly let me have your address?"

There was a shriek, and then a long, long silence.

Monsieur Blériot is a happy man, so will you be if you read PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

IN STRANGE SHOES.

By ALICE AND CLAUDE ASKEW.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE.

Conclusion.

GEORGE HILTON was arrested on the eve of his wedding upon the charge of murder. The news was sprung upon London as a complete surprise, and the consequent sensation was tremendous.

The circumstances surrounding the death of Sir Arthur Gervaise had been practically forgotten. There had been a coroner's inquest, and the verdict returned was that of accidental death; a good deal of surprise had been evinced at the time that a man of such extended experience should have fallen a victim to the kind of mishap that caused his death, but the actual justice of the verdict had never been seriously held in doubt.

Yet now it transpired, upon the evidence of Lady Sara Gervaise herself, that the famous physiologist had been wilfully murdered—and that by the hand of a man whom he had regarded as a friend.

Rumour and scandal were rife, but little of the actual facts were known until the police-court proceedings were opened—then, upon the first day, a fresh surprise was offered to the sensation-loving public.

Lady Sara, in the witness-box, avowed that the murder had been committed for love of her, and that she had refrained from at once denouncing the criminal because she returned his love. For this reason alone George Hilton had not been brought to justice earlier and the verdict of the coroner's jury had been allowed to go undisputed.

It was a cynical admission to make and popular feeling was aroused against the woman who made it. Lady Sara was held up to public opprobrium. Apparently she did not mind. Whether in the witness-box or sitting in the body of the court, she appeared calm and unperturbed, exquisitely gowned, strikingly beautiful.

Even when, upon the second day of the proceedings, there was an attempt to mob her carriage, Lady Sara only smiled upon the crowd, drew her cloak closer about her, and shrugged her shapely shoulders contemptuously. No one ventured to touch her. But she was above fear—she was simply living for her revenge.

Of course all the world knew the cause of Lady Sara's jealousy; there had no longer been any secrecy as to the coming marriage of George and Peggy—there could not well have been any after the scene at Mr. Fauntleroy's—and the event had been anticipated with much interest in society circles.

Peggy had won golden opinions for herself, and there was not a single one of all the fashionable men and women who thronged to the court as if it had been a play-house who did not sympathise with and admire her for her pluck and steady belief in her lover.

It was noticed that she hardly ever took her eyes off him, and even the cynical King's Counsel, Humphrey Langdon, was heard to whisper to a colleague: "Jove, how that girl loves the man! It's the real thing this time."

The case against George Hilton, if not in itself an overwhelming one, was strengthened by the prisoner's inability, owing to his now well-known lapse of memory, to put in any adequate defence. He did not know what had transpired at Sir Arthur Gervaise's house on the fatal morning when the latter received his death-blow.

His presence in the house that morning could not be disputed. He had been admitted by the butler, Ansell, and the latter had also opened the door for him on his departure. On the latter occasion, it transpired, he appeared uneasy and troubled—indeed, those words were hardly strong enough to express his condition—so much so, indeed, that Ansell had afterwards commented on the fact in the servants' hall.

Lady Sara's maid, however, had laughed and accounted for Mr. Hilton's condition by the extreme probability that there had been some kind of scene between her mistress and the man to whom, as all the world knew, she had once been engaged. And so Ansell thought no more of the matter.

There was the evidence of another servant, too, a page, who maintained that he had seen Mr. Hilton coming, not from Lady Sara's boudoir, but from that part of the house in which Sir Arthur Gervaise's study was situated, thus showing, contrary to the evidence of the butler at the inquest, that Mr. Hilton had actually visited the physiologist in his own room. Asked why he had said nothing of this before, the lad replied that he had never been questioned on the subject, and that he had not attached any importance to the matter.

Of course it was the evidence of Lady Sara herself that was the most damning. She recounted the scene very much as she had told it to George himself, save that she said nothing whatever as to her own part—the part which she had openly avowed to George—in the supposed murder.

"I crept down to the study door," she said, "and, unseen myself, I watched what transpired. The knife, which my husband had been examining, lay on the desk beside which Mr. Hilton was standing. I saw his eyes fall upon it and knew that he recognised it for one which he himself had given to Sir Arthur with the full knowledge that the blade was poisoned. There were high words between the two men, but nothing that threatened any kind of assault by my husband upon Mr. Hilton. The deed was done wantonly, intentionally. I saw Mr. Hilton take the knife, holding his hand over it, under cover of a pile of papers, so that the action should pass unnoticed. And then—it was the work of a second—I saw the wound inflicted—a quick cut over the wrist. Sir Arthur at that moment was resting his hand on the desk."

"You swear to this?"

"Yes, I swear to it," responded Lady Sara steadily. "And then I was frightened and ran away. I did not see Mr. Hilton leave the house. In fact, I did not see him again till the second day after my husband's death, when he called at Cavendish Square at my request, and I informed him that I had been a witness of the deed."

George, questioned as to whether it were true that Lady Sara had brought this accusation against him, was constrained to reply that it was true in all particulars, save that to him she had denied seeing the actual injury which had caused her husband's death; also, even now, his chivalry towards the woman prevented him from giving utterance to the counter-accusation that she had admitted her participation in the crime, that she professed to have thrust the knife into his hand. He scorned to betray her as she had betrayed him.

The question arose as to why Sir Arthur Gervaise had proclaimed, both to the butler and to the doctors who attended him, that his injury was self-inflicted and due to an accident. The explanation was readily given; Sir Arthur Gervaise loved his wife, and wished to spare her the horrible scandal of being implicated in a trial for murder. It was for her sake that he had spared his assassin.

And here some fresh evidence was forthcoming. Sir Arthur Gervaise, after having received his injury, and before the poison took effect, had written a letter to a personal friend, Lord Bardley to wit, in which he had avowed the truth of his murder, together with his reasons for deceiving the world.

Lord Bardley, himself, gave evidence as to the receipt of this letter which, however, could not be produced since he had at once destroyed it, as he was bidden by Sir Arthur, and he had never spoken of its contents to anyone save to Lady Sara. He knew quite well that he was doing wrong in concealing this crime, but it was the request of a dying man that he should do so, and therefore he considered himself justified.

It was false evidence, sheer perjury—but who was there to contradict the lie?

Such were the essential features of the case against George Hilton, and there was very little evidence indeed that the latter could call in his defence. His character and reputation, his long-standing friendship with Sir Arthur Gervaise, the fact that he had never, since her marriage, responded to

(Concluded on page 136.)

FASCINATING PROCESS OF RE-BEAUTIFYING the FIGURE

Pounds of Superfluous Flesh taken off with rapidity and certainty, even in the most obstinate cases of long-standing Obesity. Every case cured permanently; the seemingly rooted tendency to get too fat thoroughly and lastingly overcome without dieting, drugs, or gymnastics.

Apart from the simple but eloquent test of the weighing machine any ingenious method of recording the *visible* progress of the marvellous reduction effected by Antipon is more than interesting; it is positively fascinating. Such a practical record is the subject of the accompanying sketch. But, after all, the sensation of *feeling* better and stronger, and *looking* slimmer and more graceful every day is the main thing: and in these great and enviable effects Antipon proves its marvellous value up to the hilt.

In conscientiously following a course of Antipon you have no need to give up any luxury or creature comfort; you needn't live on rusks or gluten bread, nor even eat sparingly of any dish you may fancy. The Antipon treatment is the rosy path to the repossession of beauty, health, and strength. Good nourishing food, fresh air, rest, and comfort are all servants of Antipon. None could grumble at their healthful ministrations.

The grand tonic influence of the Antipon treatment on the entire organism is only second to its wonderful fat-reducing effect. The digestive system especially is tonically acted upon by Antipon, and the keen, healthy appetite created must be amply satisfied with the best food—blood-renewing, muscle-forming, and nerve strengthening food, which, it will be found, will be thoroughly well digested and assimilated. Partial starvation is a dangerous survival of old-time practices; Antipon has nothing to do with such mistaken, nay, dangerous, methods, as fasting, drugging, and exhausting exercises, which, moreover, are powerless to *cure* the disease of obesity, because the *tendency* to put on flesh abnormally still remains a vice in the system. In other words, temporary reduction of weight by exhaustion and malnutrition is not in the least a permanent cure, any more than attenuation is beauty of figure.

STOUT LADY—*Why, whatever do these figures mean, my dear?*
SLIM LADY—*Oh, those are my weekly waist measurements while I was taking Antipon; and I reduced my weight nearly 2 stone! You should really go in for it. It's simply wonderful!*

Now, Antipon does really obliterate that seemingly rooted tendency to get too fat; and that tendency is neither more nor less than the disease itself. Its manifestations in the form of masses of subcutaneous fat are rapidly dispelled, and the very harmful internal deposits of fatty matter that grievously hamper the action of the heart and other vital organs are soon eliminated, not to return. The glorious effect of this on the general health is obvious; breathing is easy, flushings of heat and palpitation of the heart cause no further trouble, and the circulation is naturally greatly improved. Thus strength and health and buoyancy and energy, both physical and mental, return with renewed beauty of form and feature. There is a decrease varying between 8oz. and 3lb. within the first twenty-four hours, and the subsequent daily reduction is quite surprising. There is no need to continue the treatment when normal conditions are restored.

Antipon contains, in the form of a pleasantly tart liquid, only the purest and most harmless of herbal substances. It is neither laxative nor constipating, and may be taken at any hour.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc.; or, in the event of difficulty, may be had (on remitting amount) carriage paid, privately packed, direct from the Antipon Company, Olmar Street, London S.E.

Lady Sara's letters in a similar tone to that which she employed when writing to him—of these points the most was made.

"Mr. Hilton did not love Lady Sara Gervaise and would not therefore have committed a murder on her account." That was the essential argument of his defence, and it was left for his counsel to make the best of it.

The proceedings had lasted four days, and it was generally agreed that matters looked dark for George Hilton. Poor Peggy's eyes were often moist, bravely as she bore herself. There had been but one sensational incident in the course of the case, and that was when Lord Bardley was giving his evidence. It was then that George, goaded out of his self-restraint, rose in his place and, pointing his finger at his accuser, cried out loudly that he lied.

"Let him produce that letter, for I swear that his word is not to be relied upon. He has proved himself ready to injure me at any cost to his honour." George was silenced, but it was not before a slight murmur of applause had gone through the court. Lord Bardley was no more popular a figure than was Lady Sara herself.

It was on the afternoon of the fourth day, and it had seemed likely that the proceedings would be brought to an end that evening. Quite unexpectedly, however, prisoner's counsel rose in his seat and requested that there should be an adjournment to the following day, since he had a new and important witness to produce. Permission having been granted, the court adjourned.

London was agog with excitement. Who could this new witness be, and what could he have to say in defence of George Hilton? Clubs and drawing-rooms vied with each other in speculation, but the wildest ideas propounded hardly came up to the actual facts when, in due course, and on the resumption of the case, these were laid before the public.

The new witness was Mr. Robert Fauntleroy, and he was immediately questioned by George's counsel.

"You received a letter, I believe, yesterday afternoon, which you thought well to bring before the notice of the court?"

"I did."

"Was there anything with the letter?"

"Yes, an inclosure."

"Will you tell me the purport of this inclosure?"

"It is a letter which purports to be addressed to Lord Bardley by the deceased, and is, in substance, an acknowledgement that Sir Arthur Gervaise, for reasons set forth, proposed to commit suicide."

"Is there any mention of murder?"

"None!"

"I demand that this letter be put in as evidence."

There was a deep silence in court, the silence of wonderment at the extraordinary turn which threatened to develop, and then suddenly the hush was broken in a manner as unexpected as it was dramatic.

Lord Bardley, ashen of face and trembling in every limb, rose from his seat in uncontrollable excitement, his long lean arms flung despairingly out.

"She told me she had destroyed the letter," he cried. He turned furiously towards Lady Sara, menacing her with his fists, utterly forgetful, in the ghastly dread that had seized upon him, of where he was and how he was convicting himself out of his own mouth.

"Why did you lie to me, woman?" he shrieked. "Why did you inveigle me into this?"

Someone touched his arm, pulling at his sleeve to recall him to his senses. But he was like a man distraught, utterly beyond control. It became necessary that he should be conducted out of court. He was led away, mouthing strange oaths and pouring invectives upon the head of Lady Sara, who sat in her place, pale indeed, but still supported by the magnificent courage that was natural to her.

But now the case against George Hilton had assumed a new aspect. In the absence of Lord Bardley, who, by his wild outburst, had practically admitted the authenticity of the letter which had just been put in as evidence, the case was resumed and Bob Fauntleroy was further examined.

The name of the writer of Mr. Fauntleroy's correspondent did not transpire; indeed, the letter which had been sent to him with the inclosure was unsigned, though he admitted that he knew the writer.

Some weeks earlier there had been a robbery at Lady Sara's house in Cavendish Square and the all-important document, proving that Sir Arthur Gervaise had neither been murdered nor met his death by accident, but had voluntarily killed himself—this letter had been found hidden away at the bottom of one of the stolen jewel cases.

Mr. Fauntleroy's correspondent, who was admitted to be a woman, was in complicity with the thieves; at the same time she considered that she owed a debt of gratitude, for some unexplained reason, to Mr. Hilton, and because of this, though at terrible risk to herself, she had sent the proof of the prisoner's innocence to Mr. Fauntleroy, with whom also she was acquainted, and whom she knew to be a friend of the accused man.

Under these conditions, and especially after the admissions of Lord Bardley—confirmed later on by a full confession—the charge against George Hilton fell completely to the ground, and upon the following day the case was dismissed, while Lady Sara, on leaving the court, was arrested on the charge of perjury and suborning to perjury.

Lord Bardley would, no doubt, have followed her to prison, but, before the verdict was given in Hilton's case, and realising, no doubt, what was before him, he either voluntarily put an end to his existence or met with an accident, due to his excitement and tremendous mental perturbation, which had the same effect.

It was after the mid-day adjournment of the proceedings. The wretched man, who had been under cross-examination, staggered out of the court and in a neighbouring street he either fell or threw himself under a heavy dray and, though not killed on the spot, never actually recovered consciousness.

After his acquittal, George was shown the full text of the letter which had been addressed to Bob by Rosa—Rosa Annesley, his own sister-in-law, as George now knew her to be. The communication ran as follows:

"My dear Bob. You will be surprised to get this letter from me, and probably still more surprised when you know the purport of it. I am not going to sign my name, and I will trust to you not to reveal it unless it is absolutely inevitable that you should do so. But I can't allow a great injustice to be done to a man who is your friend and one for whom I have the sincerest regard, and that is why I am writing, though it is more than likely that things will go pretty hard with me if certain people find out that I have done so.

"To explain everything I had better refer briefly to the events of a night which you will remember—the night when the appearance of Mr. Hilton or, as I knew him, George Annesley, effectually put an end to all relations between you and myself. I didn't tell you the full truth then, Bob, I simply cried off the engagement that was supposed to exist between you and me on the count of conscience. I told you that I was a thief and altogether an undesirable person; and that's quite true, for I am a thief, though it's just as true that I loved you, Bob, and should have done my best to make you happy.

"If nothing had happened to prevent it I should have married you, but I should never really have been your wife; for I have a husband living, a poor wretch who is shut away in an asylum, and who is never likely to trouble the world again.

"Practically no one upon earth knew that I had actually been married to this man save his brother, George Annesley—that is, your friend, now known as George Hilton. And when I promised to marry you I believed that my brother-in-law was dead, and that I was really running no risk whatever. But you can imagine what I felt when I was brought face to face with him, and this in your company. There was nothing for it but for me to give you your freedom, however much it hurt me, however much it wrenched my heart.

"But I'm not going to be sentimental, Bob; this is really a sort of business letter, and I'm only explaining these points because I think it just as well that you should know the whole truth. I'm not going to make an appeal to you to see me again; indeed, I hope we shall never meet on this side of the grave, for it would be too painful for me, and I think it might hurt you a little bit too. Our paths are very divergent, and so there is no reason why they should be brought together again.

"I should not have written this letter at all were it not that I can do a service to George Annesley—as I still feel I ought to call him. He knew me when I was quite a little girl, far away in the Lincolnshire village that I came from, and I look upon him as one of the few real friends that I ever had. I ran away to London, and nobody knew why I had run away; hard things were said of me, and he was the only one who ventured to speak up in my defence.

"I had run away to marry his brother, though he didn't know it at the time and would not have known it, had not my husband gone to him with a confession of this and other misdoings. There was a lot of money at stake, you see, which my husband expected to inherit, and in order that Arthur might not be cut off, as was threatened, George Annesley took his brother's sins on his head and went away abroad.

"He didn't do it so much for his brother's sake, I believe, as for that of his family, his old father and mother, who died without ever knowing the truth. Now I call that one of the bravest deeds ever perpetrated by a man. So can you wonder that I am anxious to help Mr. Hilton, now lying, as he is, under a false charge of murder?

"He told me—just before you returned from calling a taxi-cab, Bob, that he was passing under the name of George Hilton. He gave me his card with the name written upon it and asked me to go and see him at his chambers, promising that he would give me a helping hand. And he would have done so, too, I am sure of that, had I been able to go. But things fell out ill for me. You see I had to make some explanation for my reason in giving you your *congé*, Bob, and as I saw no advantage in lying any further, I told the truth.

"So it happened that a certain person, whom I will not name here, for you can guess whom I mean—the individual with whom George had a quarrel on the night of which I am speaking—came to know that the supposed Mr. Hilton was—as I then thought—in reality, a different individual altogether.

"Now it so happened that the nameless person to whom I refer had been employed by Lord Bardley—one of the chief witnesses for the prosecution in the present case, and a worse scoundrel never breathed—to do harm to George; he was, in fact, the assailant in the garrotting at Dover Street, the man whom the police have searched for, so far in vain. I suppose you'll be forced to betray him, Bob, after this letter, but I think, even then, the police will have their work cut out to find him. I don't much mind if they do, though it would probably mean prison for me as well—but I tell you I'm sick of my life, sick and desperate.

"Well, this man had an extra grudge against Mr. Hilton, as you may imagine, after the affair of that night, and so he went to Lord Bardley and revealed to him what he believed to be his great discovery. From this followed Lord Bardley's accusation against George—I've heard all about that, you see, and how it was ultimately cleared up, and definitely shown that George Annesley and George Hilton were one and the same man.

"I'd have gone to see George had I not been prevented. I was hurried away from London, and am, at present, little less than a prisoner. You see, I threatened to speak and give my companions away, and they've been mortally afraid that I should keep my word. It's not been easy to get this long letter written, but now it's written I'm just leaving things to fate. I may be murdered if they know I've done it, but, really, I'm too reckless to care.

"And now, let me come at last to my chief reason for sending you this lengthy epistle. You will judge the value of the inclosed letter, addressed by Sir Arthur Gervaise to Lord Bardley, the moment you see it. My friends—save the mark!—were in league with the perpetrators of the jewel robbery at Lady Sara Gervaise's house, and in one of the cases the precious document was found.

"My associates meant to use it for blackmail against Lord Bardley as soon as they could conveniently get back to London—probably in the interval between the police-court proceedings and the trial—but in the meanwhile I succeeded in stealing it—you see, Bob, I'm quite a capable thief!—and am now sending it to you, together with all this explanation, in order that you may make the right use of it, and that George may be acquitted of a crime he never committed.

"That's all. You may be forced to give me and my friends away, but, as I have said, I don't much mind if you do. Perhaps George will be a bit grateful to me and feel that I have really done something for him in return for all his kindness in the past. Good-bye, Bob. You'll give me a thought occasionally, won't you? Even a thief such as I am may have a little good at the bottom of her heart."

And so the letter ended abruptly without signature.

"Poor, unhappy girl!" said George thoughtfully, as he put down the letter which he had read through from beginning to end. "Bob, we must do something for her; we must try to get her away from these wolves among whom she has fallen."

And to this object much of George's attention in the days that followed was devoted. The detectives who took the matter up had to act warily, since it was evident, from what the girl herself had written, that her associates would not hesitate at murder if they realised that she had betrayed them.

And ultimately they were caught in a clever trap. Chris Morrison and Sam Loveland were brought to book. There was no lack of charges against them. Morrison was finally convicted for conspiracy against a well-known racing man, named Beaumont; it was in connection with this affair that he had been originally advised to get away from London.

His partner, Loveland, received a well-merited sentence for having dealt with the stolen goods which had been brought to him by the actual burglars of Lady Sara's house; there was a second charge, also—that of the assault upon George Hilton, carried out, as became known at his trial, upon the instructions of the wretched man, Lord Bardley, now gone to his account.

A mere nominal sentence was pronounced upon Rosa Annesley. And when she was restored to freedom, George saw to it that the desire of her heart was gratified. She was sent back to the country village where she had spent her childhood and where she found friends, ignorant of the tragic story of her life, who were ready to welcome her home.

Lady Sara Gervaise did not escape the punishment of her offences. She pleaded guilty to the charge against her, and stood in the dock, her exotic beauty unimpaired by weeks already spent in prison, to hear sentence pronounced upon her. It was a sentence in which justice was tempered with mercy.

"I deserve my punishment," she said, and those who heard her thought at first that she was repentant. "I deserve it because I was fool enough not to destroy that letter which has been the cause of my undoing. Had I but burnt it, George Hilton to-day would have met his fate, and my revenge would have been complete. I knew the letter was stolen, but I took my chances. I gambled with destiny and I have lost—I have lost because of my own folly—yes"—her words were fiercely harsh—"I deserve what I get."

* * * * *

"I wonder, George, if you will ever recall—really remember, I mean, in your own brain and not from hearsay—any of the events of the past?"

So mused Peggy Hilton as, some little time after their marriage, the young couple, in the course of a prolonged motoring tour, had found their way to the Lincolnshire village where George was born and had spent his boyhood. He was negotiating to buy the old house which had belonged to the Annesleys for so many generations. With his wife he was standing in the queer old oak-wainscotted hall where there still hung a picture of his white-haired father.

"I cannot say, darling," he replied. "I can see things hazily, and, now that I have been told of them, it seems that I really remember. Still, what does it matter? We have no more need of the past. For the future is ours, Peggy mine, and it is to the future, bright and warm with sunshine, that we must turn our eyes."

The End.

We shall shortly begin a remarkable new serial story by Richard Marsh, author of "The Beetle," "A Spoiler of Men," and many other successful novels.

When thinking of Holidays

You will save time and expense by looking down the Seaside and Country Apartment Advertisements in the

Daily Express

These advertisements are a regular feature, and hundreds of them will be found daily during the holiday season.

On sale everywhere. One Halfpenny.

GONE FOR HIS HONEYMOON.

THE cook of a family living in the suburbs came upstairs the other afternoon, and, twisting the corners of her apron with considerable embarrassment, said to her mistress:

"You see, mum, I thought it 'ud be best to tell you that I—that I got married last week."

"Ah, indeed! And what is your name now, Hannah?"

"Mrs. Williams, ma'am. You see, my husband, he's a cook, too. He's whot they calls a sheft in a hotel."

"A chef, eh? That's very nice. And do you expect to leave us directly, Hannah?"

"Not d'rectly, mum. I'll stay with you for the present. You see, my husband's gone to Jersey on his honeymoon, an' it'll be nigh on to a fortnight before he comes back!"

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE is a companion to anybody; with it, the most lonely man feels happy.

THE NEW CREAM CUSTARD

Have You Tried It?

MOTHER, FATHER AND THE LITTLE ONES SAY, "JUST DELICIOUS."

"Oh! for something new, something really delicious, wholesome and pleasing for the daily dessert." Every careful housewife knows the trouble just to get something that at once appeals to the palate, that delights the little ones and brings a smile of pleasant surprise to father's eyes.

Have you tried the *Foster Clark's* New Cream Custard? If not, try it at our expense. We have every confidence that you will be delighted. It gives you for the first time a custard that tastes "creamy," just as though half-a-dozen eggs with lots of milk had been used.

It tastes just like egg custard with a superior flavour. It blends perfectly with carefully stewed fruit, or is delicious when used to make trifle custard, blanc-mange, cup custards, etc. Just try it once. We send you free sufficient to make a full quart of rich, nourishing custard.

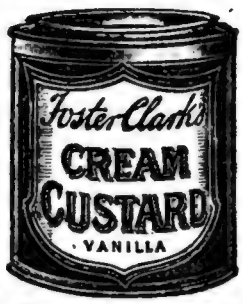
Think of the time and money saved by always having by you a dainty tin of the *Foster Clark's* New Cream Custard. Something always ready for the little ones, a refreshing dessert for the workers; and then again, your friends can never catch you unprovided with dessert, should they call unexpectedly.

The *Foster Clark's* New Cream Custard has a delicate flavour all its own. It is not like anything else; indeed, it is something quite "new."

Twelve quarts of delicious Creamy Custard for 6½d. Why, one tin would last you quite a month. You can use it just as you please. Will keep fresh and full flavoured for any length of time. Send us your postcard for that special trial packet.

One 6½d. Tin Makes 12 Quarts.

FREE of *Foster Clark's* We are prepared to send to every reader who applies, a dainty packet New Cream Custard in order to introduce its special merits. The supply, which is sent absolutely gratis and post paid, will make exactly **One Quart of Delicious Creamy Custard,** which it is certain every member of the household will enjoy. Kindly forward your name and address (a postcard will do).



The Free Trial supply will be forwarded by return post.

More Economical—More Custard Like—Greater Nutriment

Saves Time. Saves Money. Delights Everyone.

The very next time you visit your Stores, remember to ask for *Foster Clark's* Cream Custard. Your grocer will tell you how delighted users are. The unanimous verdict is that it is "something quite superior." All applications for free trial supply must be addressed to

FOSTER CLARK & Co. (Dept. 5), MAIDSTONE, KENT.

Foster Clark's

Cream Custard

Seaside ACCIDENTS.

The Ideal Balm for Holiday Injuries.

PLAYING barefooted on the beach, children are always liable to cuts and bruises. A fall over a groyne or a slip on some slimy rock is often the cause of a nasty bruise or sprain, but possibly the greatest danger to the youngsters lies in the pieces of broken glass that are concealed in the sands, only to be painfully discovered at the expense of a nasty cut across the sole of the foot.

Remember the household dictum, "Keep a box of Zam-Buk always handy." In all seaside accidents, Zam-Buk, being highly antiseptic, is invaluable. The rare herbal extracts from which Zam-Buk is prepared are so beautifully blended that they become endowed with a unique trinity of qualities, the result being that (1) Zam-Buk not only soothes the pain of an injury, but (2) keeps the place clean and free from disease-germs, and (3) heals with new sound skin.

It is Zam-Buk's absolute purity, unfailing effectiveness, ever-ready character, and unique healing power that has won it the recognition of doctors, nurses, and first-aid experts as the ideal dressing for cuts, bruises, and sprains.

Sydney Edwards.

Zam-Buk

Heals Boy's Badly Cut Foot.

Mrs. E. Edwards, of 45 Church Walk, Worksop, writes:—"Last summer we went for our Holidays to Cleethorpes, and while paddling there, Sydney, age 9, cut his foot badly. The wound was a dreadful, jagged one, and it bled terribly. We got the poor boy home and a friend kindly gave me a box of Zam-Buk, which immediately soothed the pain.

We thought Sydney's holiday was going to be spoilt, but Zam-Buk rapidly healed his foot and he was soon out and enjoying himself again.

"My little boy Bernard, aged 6, also fell and grazed his knee. It was nothing much to look at, but soon the knee became inflamed and festered. I took Bernard to the doctor, who attended him for weeks without doing him any good. The poor lad had been suffering almost four months when we tried Zam-Buk. This wonderful balm soon reduced the swelling, drew out the inflammation, and healed the obstinate sores. He is now quite cured, and his knee is as sound as can be."

FREE. Send this coupon & One Penny stamp to the Zam-Buk Co., Leeds, for free sample box. *Pearson's Wkly., Aug. 12 '09.*

The most Soothing & Healing Dressing for CUTS, BRUISES, SORE FEET, SKIN-RASH, SUNBURN, SUMMER ITCH, HEAT SWELLINGS & TENDER SKIN.

There is a delicious crispness, a unique flavour—and something altogether different about Pat-a-cake. Nothing but the best is used in their making. You must have Pat-a-cake

PEEK FREAN

who make delicious Biscuits

DAINTY DISHES.

Banana Fool.

Peel four bananas, rub them through a fine sieve, flavour with lemon juice and sugar, and then stir in lightly a breakfast-cupful of custard. Put half a teaspoonful of raspberry jam at the bottom of some custard glasses, and then fill with the fool. (*Reply to* CANADIAN.)

Mock Crab.

Rub to a smooth paste two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, with one tablespoonful of butter, a saltspoonful each of made mustard and salt, a teaspoonful of vinegar, and a pinch of cayenne. Spread this on dry toast, garnish, and serve. (*Reply to* TASTY SUPPER.)

Baked Lemon Pudding.

Add three ounces of chopped suet to six ounces of flour mixed with one teaspoonful of baking powder and the rind of a lemon. Make into a batter with two eggs and one pint of milk. Put into a Yorkshire pudding tin, and bake in a quick oven. Cut into strips to serve.

Stuffed Mackerel.

Clean the fish, and take out the roes, fill with veal stuffing, and sew up. Flour them and place in a dish. Put a few bits of butter over. Scatter with pepper and salt, and bake for half an hour. For a change, equal parts of vinegar and water can be poured over the fish before baking, then it must be served cold.

Banana Pudding.

Cream one ounce of butter with two ounces of sugar, stir in one egg and a gill of milk; then add two ounces of flour, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, and two large bananas peeled and sliced. Butter a mould, pour in the mixture, and steam for one hour and a half. Serve with some raspberry sauce poured round.

Apple Marmalade

Is useful for filling tartlets and open tarts. Make it thus: Peel, core, and quarter two pounds of apples, put them in a jar with two ounces of butter, four ounces of sugar, grated rind of a lemon and a large pinch of powdered cinnamon. Tie down and leave it in the oven all night. Beat well with a fork and use as required. This will keep some little time.

Creamed Fish Toast.

For this any kind of cold cooked fish can be used. Melt one ounce of butter in a pan, stir into it half an ounce of flour, then half a pint of milk; season nicely with cayenne and salt, and a grate of lemon-peel, cook till thick. Stir into it three-quarters of a pound of flaked fish, and when thoroughly hot, heap it on squares of toast. Dust some powdered yolk of egg over, and serve.

A Tasty Supper Dish.

Grease a plate, and spread over it a layer of nicely-mashed potatoes, ornament the edges, brush over with milk, and bake a nice brown. Chop some cold meat finely, dredge it with flour, add one teaspoonful each of parsley and minced onion, and moisten with a little gravy. Warm thoroughly, and be sure that enough flour has been used to make it thick. Place in the centre of the potato and serve very hot. (*Reply to* ARTISAN'S WIFE.)

Savoury Rice and Mince.

Wash three ounces of rice and cook in one pint of stock flavoured with pepper, salt, and an onion till it is soft and forms a thick substance. Make this into a wall round a dish. Decorate with chopped parsley or beetroot. Meanwhile, have one pound of cold meat chopped very finely, seasoned nicely with pepper, salt, and onion, and simmer gently in a little thick gravy. Put this inside the rice wall, garnish with quarters of pickled walnut, and serve.

Artisan's Hare.

Take one pound each of lean beef and lean fresh pork. Chop them finely and mix together. Season with two teaspoonfuls of pepper, one tablespoonful of salt, one small onion chopped, two teaspoonfuls of chopped parsley, and half a nutmeg grated. Add half a pound of breadcrumbs, and mix all with two eggs and a little milk. Mould the mixture and place on a baking-tin with some bits of dripping on the top. Bake in a good oven for two hours, basting freely. Serve with brown gravy and currant jelly. (*Reply to* MINER'S WIFE.)

A BRIGHT NEW SERIES.

How to be Perfectly Adorable

THE GENTLE ART OF CONVERSATION.

PERHAPS the reason why there are so few really brilliant conversationalists among the fair sex, is that, directly a woman attempts to tell a funny story or say "smart things," she is promptly sat upon by the male members of the community.

Most men have the greatest objection to women who have the knack of saying bright and witty *bon mots*. In fact, it would be as well to know at the start that the average man's idea of a woman with a proper sense of humour is one who will listen to his old jokes over and over again, but never attempt to tell any herself!

So, to be a perfectly "adorable" conversationalist, dear ladies, does not by any means necessitate that one should have a ready wit and honeyed phrases at one's finger tips, or to be able to hold one's own creditably in an assemblage of intellectual "lights," nor does it mean impressing one's audience with a notion of one's brilliancy and sparkle. As a matter of fact, dear ladies, the charm of conversation—paradoxical as it may sound—lies in the art of letting *others* talk, in the capacity one has for listening.

Few things more delight a man than to converse with one who sweetly encourages him to talk about—himself, and who seemingly takes infinite delight in listening to him while he tells her of those interests that lie nearest his heart.

Imagine you are listening to topics of dress.

You may not, for instance, be particularly enthralled in your companion's prowess in golf or bridge, nor yet be greatly entertained in hearing his opinions on Dreadnoughts and invasions, but if you are aware that these subjects are of mighty and absorbing interest to him, why, then listen as profoundly as if they were the fascinating topics of dress, and other kindred matters so dear to feminine hearts.

Assume an air, when he speaks, that you are all but lost to the rest of the world—interested only in what he may have to say to you.

Cultivate the happy knack of varying your expression to meet the requirements of the narrative. Permit your eyes to grow big with wonder, merry with delight, and soft and moist with sympathy. But see that your laughter and your shades of emotion appear at the right moment, and, above all, don't, as you would be a successful conversationalist, *interrupt*.

It is singularly annoying for anyone to have to talk when one's audience wears an expression of ill-concealed impatience, while waiting to commence a recital on his or her account, and for the man to have his choicest joke or tale "nipped in the bud" by the interruption: "Yes, I've heard that. Isn't it splendid!" is nothing short of exasperating.

Though men have an aversion for the woman who is at all inclined to be witty or brilliant, nevertheless few things bore a man more than she who doesn't understand or see the point of *their* witticisms.

The woman who would be a successful conversationalist must be willing to listen while a man descants on his hopes and ambitions, and the wonderful things he hopes to achieve.

No man will listen to a woman's woes.

She must listen to long accounts of his pet interests and hobbies; she must laugh when he laughs, weep when he weeps, but should she happen to have any ambitions, troubles, interests of her own, she must keep them locked up within herself.

No man can be expected to sit patiently while a woman tells him of her woes and achievements—if she attempts to do so, he gets up and goes.

To listen enraptured, as it were, by the fascination of your companion's discourse, to admit that you are amused or impressed when the occasion offers, to be sparkling with interest, to put all one's efforts into the art of listening "soulfully," as someone has it, is to make one's silence, well—positively eloquent!

Let your companion, dear ladies, say right out to the finish what he has to say. Of course, everyone knows the person who reminds one of Tennyson's brook, and indulges in the kind of delivery that truly seems to have a propensity to go on "for ever."

But what matters if you are bored with him, and you see that he is making you a mirror before which to air his ideas and pet arguments, if you are awarded the palm of a really good "conversationalist," and he proclaims you to be one of the "few women who can talk really well," simply because you give other's a chance? Surely that should be sufficient compensation.

Next week: "How to Pay a Perfect Compliment."

DRESS HINTS.

A good hint to those who have a tear in their dress is to darn it as near as possible like the weave of the cloth with a thread of the material itself.

To render boots and shoes waterproof in damp weather, rub a little mutton suet round the edges of the soles. Beeswax is just as efficacious.

When packing, stuff blouses with tissue paper and pad skirts with several folded newspapers. This will prevent them from getting crushed or creased.

To clean French kid gloves, place them on your hands and wash them in some spirits of turpentine until quite clean, then hang them where there is a current of air and the smell will disappear.

Old straw hats can be renovated to look like new if they are faded, but otherwise in a good condition, by painting them with hat-dye and drying quickly in the shade. This will leave a beautiful satin finish on the straw which will be much admired.

If a drop of blueing is added to the whitening for light tennis shoes, it will make them a purer white colour.

Tan boots and shoes can be renovated by well rubbing them with a rag dipped in olive oil and afterwards polishing with a piece of old velvet.

When the colour has been taken out of a silk dress in some places by a splash of acid, it may be restored by applying to the spot a little sal volatile.

To bleach a faded cotton dress which is still in a good condition, boil it until white in water in which bleaching soda has been dissolved—a tablespoonful to a gallon of water—and then spread in the sun to dry.

When desirous of renovating a white hat made of felt or cloth, pour some flour in a basin and place in the oven to heat. Remove all trimmings from the hat and rub over with the hot flour, removing it with a clean brush. A hat thus treated will look like new.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

A Useful Machine Oil

Is made of one part of paraffin and three of olive oil. Mix thoroughly.

Never Polish Taps

With anything gritty, for it works into the joints and puts them out of order.

When Washing Sateen,

Or any cotton goods with a satin finish, rinse in borax water to give a gloss.

Before Boiling a Ham

Soak it for twenty-four hours in tepid water, changing the water two or three times.

Gardening Aprons

Made from old mackintoshes are invaluable to wear when watering the garden.

A Machine Needle

Is often difficult to thread. Pass behind the eye a piece of white paper, and the difficulty is removed.

Those who Bake at Home

And who want a very nutritious bread should add one pound of peasemeal to every fourteen pounds of wheat flour.

For Sunburn,

Rub the face and hands with plain slices of cucumber, drying afterwards with a soft towel. (*Reply to* VICTIM.)

Lavender Salts.

Fill your bottle with lumps of bicarbonate of ammonia and pour over spirits of lavender. (*Reply to* FAINTING.)

A Pretty Garnish

For a boiled fowl is made by boiling either carrot or beetroot, and cutting it into fancy shapes with a vegetable cutter.

Tea Trays

And other japanned goods should be washed with warm water and soap, and then polished with a leather dipped in dry flour.

A Joint of Meat

Will keep sweet for many days longer than usual if wrapped in a fine cloth, wrung out of vinegar and hung in a draught of air.

When Choosing Lobsters,

Prawns, or shrimps see that when boiled they are stiff and the tail turned well inwards. If soft, reject them as unfit for food.

A Scullery Table

Should be covered with a piece of good quality linoleum. It is easy to clean, does not stain, and hot pots and kettles can be stood on it.

Butter

Is apt to be a difficulty in hot weather. Make a brine and stand the butter in it, only taking it out when required for the table. It will be much firmer kept in this way.

A Coarse Net

Of soft cotton cord is an excellent thing in the nursery. Tie it loosely over a child's cot (giving him room to stand if necessary), and it will effectually prevent him falling from his cot.

The Eyes

Are apt to become inflamed after driving or motoring in dusty weather. To prevent this, bathe the eyes every night with warm water in which a little powdered boracic acid has been dissolved.

Tender Feet

Are a great trouble to many people, especially at the holiday season. Rub the soles each night with methylated spirit, and by day, should the stockings be darned, wear them inside out, so as to avoid any unevenness in the tread.

Garlic Vinegar

Is very easily made, and most useful. Pare and slice one dozen cloves of garlic, put them in a jar with one pint of vinegar. Cover and put into a cool place. After a fortnight, strain and bottle. A small teaspoonful of this added to a salad dressing is a great improvement. (*Reply to* BRIXTON.)

Horehound Beer.

One ounce of horehound, five ounces of ginger, half an ounce of hops, and a very small bit of gentian root. Tie all in a cloth and boil in five gallons of water. Strain and then boil again with three pounds of brown sugar and two ounces of Spanish juice. Allow it to ferment for twenty-four hours, and bottle for use. (*Reply to* M. P.)

"Personalities" is the title of a new interesting personal feature in PEARSON'S MAGAZINE. The King of Italy and Admiral Sir William May are included in the August number.

Eiffel Tower Lemonade is the cooling, healthful, delicious drink for this season of the year. Equally beneficial to children and adults. Buy a 4½d. bottle to-day. It makes 2 gallons of really good Home Made Lemonade. Highly recommended by the Medical Press.

Eiffel Tower Lemonade

The Medical Magazine says:—"The simplicity of this preparation is its great recommendation. In a very short period of time, and with a minimum of trouble, we have before us a delicious drink for Summer use, a Lemonade as refreshing as pleasant to the most critical taste, and as harmless as it is possible to obtain. We can cordially commend it to the notice of the medical profession as well as to the general public."

"GLOBE" Liquid Metal Polish does not emit dangerous inflammable vapours. It is perfectly safe. But you must take care that it is "GLOBE."

In PASTE and LIQUID.
Paste in 1d., 2d., 4d., and larger tins.
Liquid in 2d., 6d., and 1/-, and larger cans.
Dealers and Stores everywhere.

DON'T SNEEZE.

DR. MACKENZIE'S
CATARRH CURE
SMELLING BOTTLE
Relieves and Quickly Cures Cold in the Head, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia in the Head, Faintness, Dizziness.
A CHARM FOR HEADACHE.
A SPECIFIC FOR INFLUENZA.
Sold by all Chemists and Stores.
Price 1/- or post free in U.K. 14 stamps
MACKENZIE'S Cure Depot, READING.

Suits Write for our New Patterns of Materials. Grand Value 35/-, 42/- and 45/-. Delivered for deposit from 5/- and easy monthly subscriptions. Everything you want for self or household on Easy Terms. You can rely upon us for square dealing. J. G. GRAVES, LIMITED, SHEFFIELD.

HEADACHE CURED IN 10 MINUTES.

One Kaputine cures in ten minutes the most violent Headache or Neuralgia. We want to prove this safe and reliable medicine to every sufferer, and in order to do so will send you two free sample doses of Kaputine by return post. Write to C. H. Kaputine, Kaputine Works, Wakefield. Kaputine is sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere. Packets of 12 doses, 1/-. Samples 1d.

TIRED MEN.

When you are tired of taking mysterious prescriptions and weary of wearing Electric Belts, write to me, and I will send you a Book which shows how every man, young and old, may be Quickly and Thoroughly Cured of NERVOUSNESS, EXHAUSTION, VARICOCELE, and DEBILITY from any cause whatever, WITHOUT STOMACH MEDICINE or ELECTRICITY. Hundreds of cures. Book sent sealed, post free, for Two Stamps. Mention this Paper.—A. J. LEIGH, 92 and 93 Great Russell Street, London, W.C. Over twenty years' successful results.

TINS—3d. 6d. 1s
New Size 1d.
KEATING'S POWDER KILLS
FLEAS
BUGS
BEETLES.
MOTH
(In Blankets, Furs, etc.)

5 Books that all Home Cooks should have:

1.—Breakfast and Supper Dishes.
By C. H. SENN, Inspecting Chef of the National School of Cookery.

2.—Dainty Dishes for Slender Incomes.
Edited by "ISOBEL" of *Home Notes.*

3.—Cold Meat and How to Disguise It.
By M. G. RATTRAY, Diplomé of the National Training School of Cookery.

4.—Vegetarian Cookery.
Edited by "ISOBEL" of *Home Notes.*

5.—Little Economies and How to Practise Them.
By EDITH WALDEMAR LEVERTON.

Sold by all Booksellers, price 1s. each; or post free for 1s. 2d. from A. F. SOWTER, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

A FACT

Everyone is familiar with those many well-meaning people who are for ever trying something new for the good of their health, faddists they are generally and truly called. Also we are acquainted with those who have no real trouble of the kind, for many people are unboubtedly faddists in the matter of health and sickness. They are for ever experimenting with this and with that. There can always be found someone to recommend any preparation having an appearance of novelty with a fanciful name. But for genuine sufferers —whose serious efforts to cure real ailments are

NOT A FAD

—a medicine may be recommemed that has stood the severest test of time and experience, has achieved marvellous results, and whose beneficial effects can be vouched for by thousands of persons in every part of the world. BEECHAM'S PILLS are known to be a sure cure for Indigestion, Constipation, and Biliousness, and it may be accepted as a fact that for all troubles connected with the organs concerned, there is no remedy like

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

Sold everywhere in boxes, price 1/1½ (56 pills) & 2/9 (168 pills).

FREE! The KODAK BOOK

Tells all about Photography by the Simple Kodak Method.
NO DARKROOM NEEDED.
A Brownie Kodak costs only 5/-. *Sold by all Dealers, and*
KODAK, Ltd., 57, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

For Ladies Only.

THIS is the month for holidays, and if I can carry my mind back to my young days, I believe also that this is the month when young ladies look forward to forming friendships that later on mean orders for jewellers, wedding-cake makers, and so on. Now, all young ladies like to be perfectly adorable, it's only natural, and some of them perhaps would be glad of a few practical hints on the gentle art, so I have secured a really good and convincing series of articles on this subject especially for my young lady readers. You will find the first of these articles on "Isobel's" Home Notes page. It deals with the art of conversation. Next week's article will be "How to Pay a Perfect Compliment."

September 9th.

ON another page you will see an announcement regarding our Thousandth number, giving the names of a few of the famous writers who are going to contribute to that issue. Those of you who, by reason of your long friendship for and interest in the old paper, have come to think kindly of me as a personal friend, can, if you will, do a good deal for me now by mentioning this special number to those of your friends who are not regular readers of *P. W.* I wonder if that is too much to ask?

Blackpool This Time.

IF you turn to our Competition Page, you will find that Blackpool is the scene of this week's contest. The story, I think, offers you abundant scope for a display of your wit and ingenuity, and I imagine you should derive a vast amount of amusement from drawing out smart and humorous messages which the youth on the steamer shouted to the lady on the pier.

There is one little point. I don't want any of you to think that because the competition is laid in Blackpool only Lancashire people need apply. The contest is open to everyone of my readers, and the prize will be awarded to the one who sends in the attempt considered the best by the adjudicators, irrespective of the place where he or she resides, be it Lancashire, Caithness, County Clare, or any other part of the British Isles.

The St. Kilda Post.

EVEN in the midst of summer GEOFFREY, Bournemouth, is thinking of Christmas. "I heard the other day," he writes, "that some parts of the British Isles are so far distant that one has to post one's Christmas Cards to them now in order to reach them in time. Is this right?"——

Scarcely, GEOFFREY. I think you must have been hearing or reading about St. Kilda, the furthest west of the Scottish islands, which is really more out of the way than distant. During the summer, tourist parties visit this lonely isle, and when these visitations are made it is usual to advertise that mails will be conveyed at the same time, a fact which enables the humorists of the north to announce, when the last tour is being arranged, that now is the time to post your Christmas cards if you wish them to reach St. Kilda this year. As a matter of fact, the islanders are not really severed from the mainland completely during winter. Trawlers, for example, visit them from time to time, and a gunboat puts in occasionally to see that all is well.

If they cannot depend on regular posts from the mainland, the St. Kildans, however, can communicate more or less satisfactorily with their brethren across the sea. When the wind is favourable they entrust letter packets, carefully wrapped up, to boat-shaped receptacles of wood, which, carried by the current to the shores of the mainland, are in due time picked up by the natives of the Scottish west coast, who look out for them. The packets are then opened, and the letters sent on to the friends of the St. Kildans to whom they are addressed.

Soho's Royal Tomb.

LARRY, Leicester, puts a question which I must candidly say is somewhat vague. "Which King," asks LARRY, "had the most remarkable career in this country?"——

Do you mean British Kings, LARRY? If so, then Alfred the Great in the south and Robert the Bruce in the north might be cited, while other British monarchs whose careers were remarkably variegated where Richard I., Henry VI., Mary of Scotland, and Charles II., of Oak-tree fame.

However, turning to foreign potentates who had "remarkable careers in this country," almost the first that occurs to one's mind is Peter the Great, who was initiated into the art of ship-building on the Thames. But perhaps the foreign monarch who suffered most in these usually hospitable shores of ours was King Theodore of Corsica. His story seems more wonderful than fiction. He was not a King to begin with, but having helped the Corsican insurgents of his day they elected him to their throne. Unfortunately cash in Corsica ran short. To raise supplies Theodore found his way to the European mainland, where he only got more and more into debt, till at last, finding him in London, his many creditors caused him to be arrested and imprisoned.

Securing a discharge at last, the unfortunate king, who had not a solitary copper in his pocket, found a friend in a Soho tailor, in whose house he shortly afterwards died in 1756. King Theodore was interred in St. Anne's Churchyard, Soho, the funeral expenses being paid by his humble tradesman friend, who wanted to boast that for once he had the credit of burying a king. On the outside wall at St. Anne's the slab commemorating the burial of Theodore is still to be seen. At the foot a rhyming epitaph, pointing a moral, tells how Fate fell on Theodore:

"*Bestowed a kingdom and denied him bread.*"

Toddy is an Indian Drink.

"J. E. W.," Walsingham, is puzzled about the derivation of the word "Toddy," and wants to know how and when the mixture known by that name came to be invented. "Also," he adds, "how the word 'nightcap' came to be applied to the same mixture when taken at bedtime."——

Toddy, you may be surprised to learn, J. E. W., is a word of Indian origin, and was the name given by the natives to a concoction of which the juice of the palm-tree was one of the principal ingredients. We owe its introduction to these realms to the fire-eating warriors of other days, who, besides winning for us our Indian Empire, also made us familiar with various delicacies such as curries, chutneys, and punch. In fact, toddy is really a kind of punch; and just as our old warriors got into the habit of mixing rum into their punch instead of arrack and tea, so they became accustomed to making their toddy with special Scotch or Irish instead of the palm-tree juice.

The derivation of "nightcap" is simple. It was the slang name given to the last glass drunk of an evening, usually taken at bedtime, as a "nightcap" for the inner man, so to speak.

Who Invented the Steamboat?

MECHANIC, Ludlow, writes to me in an outburst of indignation. He has seen in the papers that our brethren across the sea, the Americans, are about to celebrate the tercentenary of the discovery of the Hudson River, and one of the features of the pageant is to be a reproduction of Robert Fulton's steamship, which they state was the first ever invented. MECHANIC contends warmly that the Americans have no right whatever to claim that distinction for themselves, and that to Great Britain alone belongs the credit of inventing the steamboat and making it a success.——

You have hit upon a very vexed question, MECHANIC. Quite a number of countries claim to have produced the first steamboat. The Spaniards tell you that their countryman, Blaso de Gary, who lived in the sixteenth century, was the first marine engineer. The French, again, swear by the Marquis de Jouffroy, whose experiments were unfortunately interrupted by the Revolution, and when Fulton was but a youth, experiments in steam navigation were conducted both in our own country and in America. However, what nobody can deny, is the fact that the first practically successful steamboat ever built was constructed by a Briton. This was the *Charlotte Dundas*, designed by William Symington, a mining mechanic at Wanlockhead, and launched at Grangemouth in 1802. On the other hand, what Fulton did was to make steam navigation an everyday commercial success. Even in this respect his claims have been somewhat overshadowed by the remarkable achievements of his contemporary, Henry Bell, of Helensburgh, the name of whose first steamboat, the *Comet*, is practically a household word.

Submarines Ahoy!

TALKING of the first steamboat, oddly enough almost my next query is about the first submarine. JACK TAR, Camden Town, and some companions took advantage of the visit of the Fleet to the Thames to witness the submarines at the Embankment. "I had always thought that submarines were a modern, in fact, a twentieth-century invention, and said so," he writes, "but found my statement disputed. Can you throw any light on the subject?——

Certainly, JACK TAR. Astonishing as it may seem to you, submarines are far from being a novelty. The first submarine that ever appeared in the Thames was constructed by a Dutchman, Cornelius Drebell, early in the seventeenth century, long before our Civil War took place. The inventors of those early days got their ideas from the diving bell, but their experiments were far from satisfactory. Later, in 1774, history tells how an inventor named Day lost his life in a submarine in Plymouth Sound. Then in 1853, during the war in the United States of America, between North and South, the Confederates in Charleston made use of a submarine against the blockading Federal Squadron. This vessel was propelled by hand by eight men. Three trial trips were made. Each time the vessel sank she failed to rise, and each time the crew were drowned. A fourth experiment was more satisfactory, and emboldened by their success the daring crew sailed out of the harbour and sank a man-of-war, but were themselves carried to the bottom by their great opponent.

The Man with the Axe.

E. G., Wigan, like a true loyal Lancastrian, was present at the grand review of the Lancashire Territorials held the other day by His Majesty the King—I beg pardon, the Duke of Lancaster. While the various sights impressed him more or less, "I was struck," he adds, "with the appearance of the Guards, especially the one who was carrying the axe. Now, I have asked many why he carried the axe, but I have not been able to get an answer. Can you tell me through the medium of Page 16?"——

Certainly, E. G. The man with the axe whom you so much admired was no doubt one of the Pioneers of his regiment. He is called a Pioneer and carries an axe instead of the orthodox rifle because it is his duty in warfare to march in advance of his comrades and clear a passage through the woods and other obstructions that might lie in their path and block it. In each regiment there is usually one Pioneer for each company. Pioneers once gave Tom Hood the opportunity for one of his cleverest puns. Probably you have heard the line:

The Pioneers seemed very loth to axe their way to glory.

A Manless Britain.

"SUPPOSE everyone in England was suddenly to clear out and leave the country entirely to the animals," writes CONWAY, "What do you suppose would happen?"——

A good many things would happen, CONWAY. In the first place, after running round and yelping a bit, and looking for their masters, the dogs would begin to feel a trifle peckish. Under such circumstances, I don't think that either chicken or sheep would have a very healthy time. If any of the latter survived it would only be those that took to the mountains and the moors. Foxes, otters, and badgers would rapidly increase in number, and their ranks would be strengthened by thousands of wild cats. Pheasants would become extinct before you could look round. After a time the dogs would doubtless begin to form into packs, when they would start pulling down cattle and horses.

The former, however, would soon change from the fat, peaceful animals we are accustomed to nowadays, and grow as savage and dangerous as the African buffalo. Birds of prey such as hawks, falcons, ravens, and owls would have a remarkably soft time, at least, so long as the present supply of starlings, sparrows, and rooks held out. Owing to the rapid purification of the rivers, fish would increase enormously both in size and number. As a fisherman I weep to think of the lovely salmon which in a few years' time it would be possible to catch off Putney.

The Latest in Sand Games.

HERE is the very latest in sand games. It comes from PETER, Margate, who, however, states that it was suggested to him by our Southend "Lost Words" contest. Wondering if writing on the sand really roused curiosity in others, he printed in big letters on the beach the following weird words, "Nin Epe Nce Ma Kess Lu Mchil Dre Nha Ppy." "To my surprise," he continues, "the legend did attract attention, and it was very funny to listen to the attempts made to solve my simple riddle. At last, when there was quite a little crowd, I stepped forward and explained that it only meant, 'Ninepence makes slum children happy,' adding, 'Won't you give a contribution to the Fresh Air Fund?'"

What do you think of PETER'S idea? Isn't it a splendid one? Those of you who are now at the seaside should try it at once, and see how much you can gather in this way for the F.A.F. There are still thousands of slum kiddies whom we wish to send to the country before the present summer is over. Don't let the little mites be disappointed. Gather as much as you can and send it in as soon as possible.

F.A.F. Special Days.

THE following days have been arranged for the F.A.F. Special Outings: July 28th, "Emmie's" party; August 16th, "Miss Muriel Gosheron's" Party; August 17th, "H.M.S. *Commonwealth*" Day; August 18th, "The Merry Widow" Party.

(*The list of Fresh Air Fund subscriptions will be found on the red page opposite.*)

FOUNDED 1871.

THE OCEAN

Accident and Guarantee . . . . . Corporation, Limited.

(*Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.*)

Assets exceed £2,000,000.

The Corporation has paid over **£6,000,000** in Claims.

Personal Accidents. Employers' Liability.
Fidelity Guarantees. Fire and Burglary.
Public Liability. Excess Bad Debt.
Boiler and Lift Inspection and Insurance.

HEAD OFFICE: MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.
RICHARD J. PAULL, *General Manager and Secretary.*

Printed by HORACE COX, Bream's Buildings, E.C., and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON, LTD., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Note.—A pen-knife will be awarded to each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page or whose suggestion for a title is used.

FRESH AIR FUND FIGURES.

Amounts previously acknowledged, £3,186 19s. 7½d.

In Memory of J. D. P., £1; Elizabeth, 5s.; Anon., £5; Disqualified, 1s. 6d.; Frank Jennie, 1s. 6d.; Sympathiser, 10s.; Mrs. A. E. Watt, £1; P. Good, 9d.; Mavis and Ione, 10s.; Anon., 5s.; C. O., 5s.; C. C., 1s.; Mrs. A. Hooper, 5s. 6d.; Eileen Walker, 6d.; C. Fenton, £1; Anon., £2; D. Jackson, 5s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; A Ribston Pippin, 1s.; Lizzie, 1s. 6d.; C. Endean, 10s. 6d.; A. E. Leak, 1s. 8d.; W. E. Bond and Kathleen Bond, 10s.; F. Legallais, £1; G. S. Ellis, £1 1s.; Whlef, 7s. 6d.; "H.," Gravesend, 10s.; Four Friends, 4s. 9d.; Winnie, 1s.; For Two, 1s. 6d.; N. R. and E. R., 1s. 6d.; Miss Chace, 3s.; Mrs. J. W. Taylor, 1s. 6d.; Micky Jew, 2s. 3d.; P. Winter, £2 2s.; In Memory of Dear Ernie, 5s.; We Two, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. A. Meatyard, 2s.; J. Proctor, 7s. 6d.; Poisson Volant, 2s. 6d.; Thankoffering, 2s.; Mr. Moody, 1s.; G. W. B., 1s. 6d.; A Housemaid, 3s.; Enid, Vera, and Cedric, 1s.; Wee, 1s. 6d.; Eastbourne, 5s.; Mrs. P. Frost, £1 11s. 6d.; B. C. A., £1; K. Arnott, 3s.; H. C., 5s.; A. FitzGerald, £1 1s.; E. L., 3s.; C. Harland, 15s.; Mrs. Arnold, 5s.; J. Pearson, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. H. Gamble, 2s. 6d.; Welsh Well Wisher, 5s.; A Country Lad, 2s.; Mrs. B., 5s.; B. B. B., Minehead, 5s.; Mrs. H. F. Howard, 10s. 6d.; G. B., 5s.; G. Pearse, 1s. 6d.; K. Bell, 4s. 6d.; Mrs. and Miss Massey, £1 1s.; Miss Prideaux, 9d.; W. E. C., 5s.; J. C. Oswald, £1 5s. 7d.; A. Simpson, 10s.; Mrs. W. Burke, 5s.; F. Welcryk, 1s. 6d.; Agar, 2s. 11d.; Miss Havell, 9d.; Miss Peggie Paxton, £5 10s.; Miss Dudgeon, 5s.; L. M., 9d.; Successful, 2s. 3d.; Baby, £1; J. R. M. F., 5s. 6d.; R. O. R., 2s.; M. Hamilton 10s.; Anonymous, £10; Geoffrey, 2s. 3d.; Mona, 3s.; M. S., 5s.; B. B. D., Mabel Hewitt, 5s.; S. G., 1s. 6d.; C. Norman, £8 2s.; Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Neill, 10s.; Miss Lewes, 9d.; T. H. Watson, 10s.; Louie, and Kitty Simpson, 2s. 3d.; H. E. S., £5; Miss Burgess, 3s. 9d.; I. W., £2; Joan H. Dakin, £1; S. P. and C. T. Graves, 2s. 6d.; Misses Doris Seaton and Nellie Ballinger, £1 1s.; Hubert Seaton, £1 1s.; E. A. B., 1s. 6d.; E. Cowan, 9d.; Friend, Chislehurst, 4s.; M. O., 2s.; Miss Jacob, 10s.; B. A. H., 9d.; B., 9d.; N. S. S., 2s. 6d.; C. G. Badley, 5s.; Anon., 3s.; F. Yarrow, £1 10s.; Ellis, 4s. 6d.; Four Sisters, 3s.; Mrs. J. H. A. B., L. H., 3s. 9d.; Jean and Christine, 4s. 6d.; Grannie, 3s.; Anon., 2d.; Miss Salter, 10s.; Mrs. E. L. Stevens, 5s.; A. H. Durrant, 2d.; W. P. Ingall, £1 1s.; Mrs. E. A. Walker, 5s.; Anon, 9d.; A. T. Ford, 1s.; A Wanderer, 1s.; A Friend, 1s.; Little Nellie, 2d.; J. E. Chapman, £2; Violet Abdy, 4s. 6d.; Mrs. and Claude Dervier, 2s. 3d.; Mrs. S. George, 5s.; E. J. L., 10s.; Ookiep, S.A., Mrs. K. Jennings, 10s.; A. C. Letchford, 7s. 6d.; Miss Duncan, 5s.; Afton, 1s. 6d.; Mushroom Hedges, 9d.; B. Whitear, 3s.; Miss A. Reade, 5s.; M. Davis, £2; Mrs. Skinner, £1 0s. 10d.; Harold A. Pegler, 10s. 6d.; Mrs. R., 1s. 5d.; Y. K. O., 5s.; Liverpool, 66, 1s. 6d.; Four-leaved Clover, 3s.; J. G., 9s.; D. C. Moorhill, 1s.; G. A. S., 2s. 3d.; Dorothy and Hilda Fitch, 3s.; Patron, £5 5s.; W. H. Wordingham, 10s.; Topsy, 1s. 6d.; T. Davidson, £2 2s.; L. Williams, 9d.; A Catholic, 10s.; Sunny Heart and Queenie, 2s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Bonby, 1s. 6d.; K. K. K., 5s.; Cecil, Brownie, and Dorothy, 3s.; Capt. G. J. Gould, £5; B., 1s. 6d.; S. S., 3s. 9d.; E. B., 1s.; Mrs. F. W., 6d.; Mrs. Jessop, O. H. London, 1s.; N. C., 1s.; Eileen, 3s.; S. M. Young, 9d.; Nilram, 4s. 6d.; L. S., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Dent, £1; Anon., £1; Hill, 2s. 6d.; T. P. Campbell, 1s. 6d.; Vic and Dot, 5s. 6d.; A Friend, 2s. 3d., M. and D., 3s.; Joan, 1s. 6d.; Little Basil, C. F. R., 9d.; Rlyman, 9d.; A. Carpenter, £2.

COLLECTED: Miss E. Palmer, 6s. 9d.; W. G. Phillips, per E. T. C., J. Hoskins, 4s.; Miss F. Bishop and S.S. Class, 7s. 6d.; Staff of Goods Ac., G.C.R., per H.E., 8s. 6d.; C. E. Bridges, 9d.; Patients and Staff of Camberwell House, 7s. 9d.; H.M.S. *Powerful*, per E. Rogers, 13s.; Our Backyard Concert, 1s. 6d.; Lizie Tubbs, 2s. 6d.; Miss E. Hudson, 12s. 6d.; H. E. Hares, 9s.; Sympathy, 5s.; Miss Harrison, 5s. 6d.; Mrs. Waugh, £2 2s.; E. C. Gould, 7s. 6d.; S. Tofaf, 4s.; E. E. Barnards, 2s. 3d.; G. Davis, Mrs. A. G. Williams, £1; Cricket Club, H.M.S. *Drake*, 9d.; Herbert King, £1 10s.; Ruby North, 8s. 6d.; L. E. R. Fisher, 16s. 6d.; Louie Foulson, 4s. 1d.; Jumbo, jun., 3s. 9d.; Miss Marcia Durell, 9s. 6d.; J. M. Freeman, 10s. 6d.; N. Cooper, 5s.; Employees of Messrs. Sutton & Dudley, per J. Morley, 13s. 8d.; W. G. Hammond, 3s. 9d.; Miss M. Goddard and Gladys Brown, 10s.; Eleanor Tennant, 5s. 3d.; Mrs. T. Burnip, £1 14s.; Marion Todd, 10s.; Ashburton House, Kimberley, £1 3s. 6d.; Doris Wesley and Dorothy Davis, 8s.; Racing Cutters' Crew, H.M.S. *Bedford* (Old Commission), 16s. 8d.; Sergts.' Mess, 36 Co., R.G.A., per T. Foster, 9s.; Celia Cole, 7s.; Employees of Merthyr Electric Co., per A. Howard, £1 18s. 3d.; Factory Outing Fund, 2s. 3d.; Jessie M. Harding, 6s. 9d.; S.S. *Tregarno*, per I. J. Murrish, £2 10s.; Mrs. E. Hetherington, 12s.; R.A.T.A., 2nd Devon Regt., Candia, Crete, £1 7s. 6d.; Schoolmaster's Class, Badajos Barracks 12s. 3d.; Miss L. Parr, 3s.; Land Co.'s Land Sale, Herne Bay, 12s.; Miss A. M. Stickley, £1 10s.; Western Telegraph Co., St. Vincent, per W. Gotelee, £8 10s.; Overton House Boys, per T. Dale Simpson, £1 1s. 8d.; Stewards of N.C.S.S. *Armadale Castle*, £1 7s. 6d.; Officers' Cavalry School, Netheravon, £8 2s.; Adelaide College, Lily Mooney, 16s.; Phyllis Charge, 4s.; S.S. *Curran*, Belfast, Mrs. Evans, 13s. 6d.; Winifred Satchell, 2s.;

Grand (*P. W.*) total, £3,351 3s. 1½d.

There are no expenses of management for the Fresh Air Fund. Every penny subscribed goes to the children in food or fare. All expenses are borne by the promoters, Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, the *Daily Express*, Limited, the *Standard* Newspapers, Limited, and the Ragged School Union. There is no distinction of class or creed. Ninepence pays for a day's happiness for a child. £8 2s. pays for a complete party of 200, with the necessary attendants. Subscriptions should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, F.A.F., *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and will be acknowledged in the paper. Collecting forms may be had on application.

LOST WORDS.

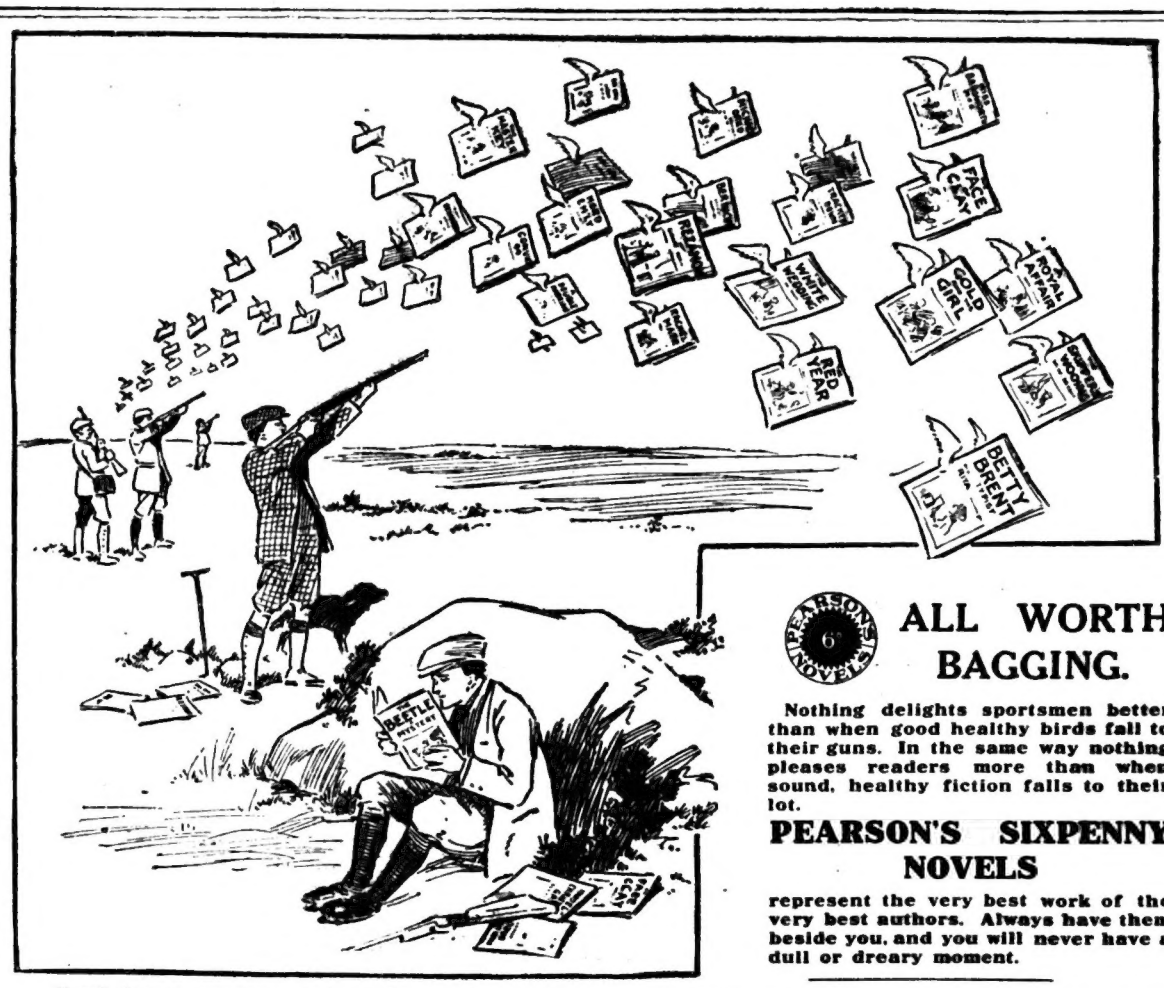
(Continued from Page 130.)

9 PRIZES OF 10s. 6d. EACH.

[illegible] G. J., 36 Porson St., Loampit Vale, Lewisham.
[illegible]ar, R. A. H., 64 Huddersfield Rd., Barnsley.
[illegible]on, Mrs. L. A., St. Brelade's, Horsham, Sussex.
[illegible]h, A., 7 Tankerville Rd., Streatham.
[illegible] P., Killygordon, Co. Donegal.
[illegible] O., 11 Hall St., Rhos, Ruabon.
[illegible] O., 9 Green Lane, Hazel Grove, Stockport.
[illegible]r W. W., 6 North View, Tiverton.
[illegible]head, F. N., 59 Queen St., Morecambe.

21 PRIZES OF 10s. EACH.

[illegible] J., jun., 27 King St., Garston, Liverpool.
[illegible]ie, E. B., 8 Wimborne Gdns., W. Ealing.
[illegible]am, E., 8 Regent Sq., W.C.
[illegible]man, H. A., 11 Pimlico Rd., S.W.
[illegible] Mrs. J., 33 Brunts St., Mansfield.
[illegible]er, Miss M., Elder Bank, Duns.
[illegible]an, J. H., 80 Blackfriars Rd., Portsmouth.
[illegible]t, J., 137 Boler St., West Derby Rd., Liverpool.
[illegible]on, A. A., 38 Nunthorpe Rd., York.
[illegible] D., The School, Machynlleth, N. Wales.
[illegible]son, Mrs., 775 Dumbarton Rd., Partick, Glasgow.
[illegible] C., 31 Tivoli Crescent, Brighton.
[illegible]tol, R., 64 Denmark Rd., Southport.
[illegible]son, M. M., 3 Greenhill Ave., Tenby, S. Wales.
[illegible]ey, Miss A., Parkton House, Enniscorthy.
[illegible] E., 11 Albion Rd., Fallowfield, M'ter.
[illegible] C. H., 64 Bedford Place, Southampton.
[illegible] E., 5 Albemarle Rd., Seacombe, Cheshire.
[illegible] R. C., 18 Richmond Rd., Oxford.
[illegible] W., 325 Brook St., Broughty Ferry.
[illegible]kinson, T., 133 Abingdon Rd., Middlesbrough.



PEARSON'S 6d NOVELS

ALL WORTH BAGGING.

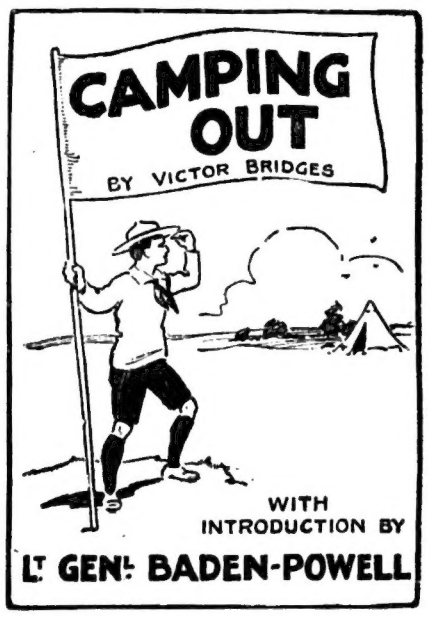
Nothing delights sportsmen better than when good healthy birds fall to their guns. In the same way nothing pleases readers more than when sound, healthy fiction falls to their lot.

PEARSON'S SIXPENNY NOVELS

represent the very best work of the very best authors. Always have them beside you, and you will never have a dull or dreary moment.

Send for a complete list of Pearson's 6d. Novels, containing over 120 titles, price 6d. each, of all Booksellers, or post free (inland) 8d. each; 3 volumes for 1s. 10d., 6 for 3s. 4d., and 12 for 6s. 6d., from C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd., 17 & 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Hullo! Why don't you try a change from the conventional Holiday? Go Camping this Summer, and have the time of your life.



The best, raciest, and most complete guide-book to camp life is

CAMPING OUT

By VICTOR BRIDGES,

with an Introduction by

Lieut.-Gen. BADEN-POWELL.

Contains all the latest wrinkles on Selecting Sites, Pitching Tents, Camp Cookery, and, in fact, on every phase of camp life which every camper-out should know.

CAMPING FOR BOATMEN.
CAMPING FOR PEDESTRIANS.
CAMPING FOR CYCLISTS,

and other variations of the ordinary Tent Holiday are also graphically described in this delightful volume, which is the best authority on Camping ever published.

Sold by all booksellers, price 1s.; or post free for 1s 2d. from A. F. SOWTER, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

This Insurance Scheme covers any person travelling as a passenger in any part of Great Britain or Ireland

OVER £13,000 ALREADY PAID.

We pay any number of claims in respect of each accident—not the first claim only.

£2,000 RAILWAY
£100 RAILWAY
£100 CYCLING } **INSURANCE.**

502 CLAIMS ALREADY PAID,

including three of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for **any number of claims** of **£2,000** each—not for one only. **£2,000** specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notices of claim, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.

£2,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of **any person** killed by an accident in Great Britain or Ireland to the passenger train in which the deceased was **travelling as a passenger** (including post-office servants in railway sorting vans), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person, not being a railway servant on duty, nor a suicide, nor engaged in an illegal act, having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him, or her, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by *an accident to any train in which he, or she, may be travelling as a passenger*, the legal representative of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of any cyclist who meets his death by accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract.

This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890. Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Insurance Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-months' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

Signature.....

Available from 9 a.m., Thursday, Aug. 5th, 1909, until midnight, Friday, Aug. 13th, 1909.

COMING HOLIDAYS, 1909-10.	AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.	OCTOBER.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.	Lighting Up Time for this Week.
Christmas Day December 25.	1 8 15 22 29	5 12 19 26	3 10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28	5 12 19 26	Aug. 6 ... 8.39
Boxing Day . December 27.	M 2 9 16 23 30	M 6 13 20 27	M 4 11 18 25	M 1 8 15 22 29	M 6 13 20 27	,, 7 ... 8.38
Good Friday . March 25th.	T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28	T 5 12 19 26	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 7 14 21 28	,, 8 ... 8.37
Easter Monday March 28th.	W 4 11 18 25	W 1 8 15 22 29	W 6 13 20 27	W 3 10 17 24	W 1 8 15 22 29	,, 9 ... 8.34
Whitsun Monday. May 16th.	T 5 12 19 26	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 7 14 21 28	T 4 11 18 25	T 2 9 16 23 30	,, 10 ... 8.32
	F 6 13 20 27	F 3 10 17 24	F 1 8 15 22 29	F 5 12 19 26	F 3 10 17 24 31	,, 11 ... 8.30
	S 7 14 21 28	S 4 11 18 25	S 2 9 16 23 30	S 6 13 20 27	S 4 11 18 25	,, 12 ... 8.29

BRASSO

Like Reckitt's Blue,
BRASSO is always of the
same high quality.
Good for all Metal Work.
The Sprinkler Top
prevents waste.

Metal Polish

A CONSTANT SUPPLY OF ABSOLUTELY PURE WATER

IS INSURED BY THE USE OF

THE "HOME" FILTER

(Royal Doulton Make).

In a series of tests at the London Hospital, the DOULTON FILTER TUBES alone proved impervious to disease germs which the experimenting bacteriologists endeavoured to pass through the fabric. The DOULTON FILTER TUBES are used exclusively in The "HOME" FILTERS.

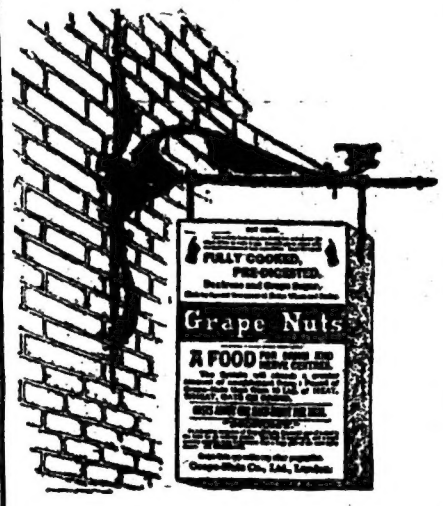
These Filters are offered to our readers for a limited period only at the low price of

15s. EACH, POST FREE.

Send order with size or impression of tap at the mouth to

FILTER DEPARTMENT,
18 HENRIETTA ST., LONDON, W.C.

SPECIAL TERMS TO THE TRADE.



The Dentists Say:

"Give the Children food that must be chewed to prevent decay of the teeth."

The crisp, delicate particles of Grape-Nuts require thorough chewing, and this not only preserves the teeth but creates a flow of saliva, which materially assists in the digestion of all foods.

Children are very fond of Grape-Nuts, and as the food is fully cooked and served direct from the packet, with cream or milk, it is very handy when the children come in from play, or school, tired and hungry.

Most starchy foods are soft and often indigestible, but the starch of the wheat and barley from which Grape-Nuts is made is changed in the process of manufacture into Grape-Sugar, which makes the food easily digestible within an hour.

The Ideal Children's Food:

Grape-Nuts

Ther[illegible]